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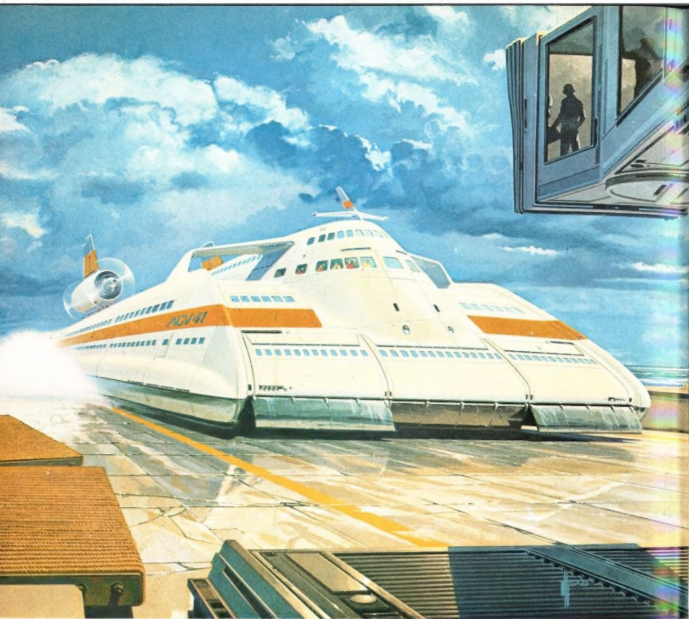
AUGUST 1, 1969

**THE KENNEDY DEBACLE:
A GIRL DEAD, A CAREER IN JEOPARDY**

TIME

A black and white portrait of Edward Kennedy, looking slightly to the left. He is wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, and a dark tie. The background is dark and out of focus.

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KENNEDY
AFTER
FUNERAL**



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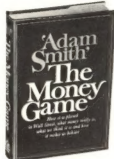
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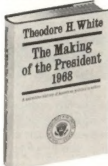
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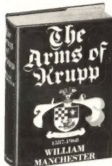
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, July 30

SPECTRUM (NET, 8-8:30 p.m.), "The Alcoholic American" looks at why people drink heavily, how it affects their lives, and what types of treatment are available.

Thursday, July 31

DEAN MARTIN PRESENTS THE GOLDDIGGERS (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Cheerful stuff.

Friday, August 1

SUMMER FOCUS (ABC, 8-9 p.m.). Director of the Massachusetts General Hospital and almost a member of the Nixon team, Dr. John Knowles is featured on "The Right to Live," an examination of Medicare and Medicaid.

COLLEGE ALL-STAR FOOTBALL GAME (ABC, 9:30 p.m.-12:30 a.m.). The New York Jets meet the best of last season's collegiate seniors at Soldier Field in Chicago.

CBS SPECIAL NEWS REPORT (CBS, 11:30 p.m. to midnight). "The President Abroad," tonight's report from New Delhi and Lahore via satellite. Saturday from Bucharest, 7:30-8:30 p.m. and a summary of the world trip on Sunday, 6-6:30 p.m.

Saturday, August 2

WESTCHESTER GOLF CLASSIC (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Top pros vie for \$250,000 of the Westchester Country Club in Rye, N.Y. (Finals Sunday from 5 to 7 p.m.)

Sunday, August 3

A.A.U. INTERNATIONAL TRACK AND FIELD (CBS, 3:30-4:30 p.m.). Western Hemisphere athletes v. Europe, from Stuttgart, West Germany.

Monday, August 4

SUMMER FOCUS (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). "Ferment and the Catholic Church."

Tuesday, August 5

DON'T COUNT THE CANDLES (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Lord Snowdon's Emmy-winning essay on aging is perhaps the most outstanding documentary from last season.

STRAW HAT

The charm of a familiar tune or the lure of a new melody will draw summer theatergoers to barns, tents and playhouses this week:

SKOWHEGAN, ME. Lakewood Theater. Essentially a family album of George M. Cohan's music, *George M!* gives its regrets to Broadway for an era that has passed; it's the sort of show to which the audience comes already humming the songs, most of which hold up remarkably well. Hal Holden stars.

HYANNIS, MASS. Cape Cod Melody Tent. Petite Molly Picon, who played the role on Broadway, leads a band of widows searching for second love in Israel, the land of Milk and Honey.

NEW FAIRFIELD, CONN. Candlewood Playhouse. Rodgers and Hart's caddish anti-hero, *Fal Joey*, picks up a girl as easily as he orders a drink. Arlene Francis plays the rich lady who picks up the tab.

LATHAM, N.Y. Colonial Summer Theater. In the new musical *Hello, Sucker*, Martha Raye plays Texas Guinan, famed speak-

easy hostess of the '20s, whose forthright greeting gives the show its name. Wilson Stone created the score for this pre-Broadway show, with story line by Larry Marks and Robert Ennis Touroff.

WOODSTOCK, N.Y. Playhouse. *Mame* is fast becoming everybody's favorite aunt—at least since *Charley's*—attacking every adventure from fox hunting to mountain climbing with uncompromising verve.

GREENPORT, LI. Summer Playhouse. Adam and Eve face newlywed adjustments, a warrior must choose between his love and a tiger, and a chimney sweep is transformed into a movie star in *The Apple Tree*, three episodes with music by Jerry Bock and lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, the team who did *Fiddler on the Roof*.

ATLANTA, GA. Civic Center. *How Now, Dow Jones* with Tony Randall and Arlene Fontana. Set in the golden canyons of Wall Street, the musical manages occasional humor about stocks and bonds.

BARDSTOWN, KY. My Old Kentucky Home State Park is, appropriately, the setting for the *Stephen Foster Story*, a song-filled tribute to the composer.

CLEVELAND, OHIO. Musicarnival. *On Time*, a new revue, takes some of the unluckiest sources—*King Lear*, *The Seagull*, Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons* and the Bible—to illustrate its theme, the generation gap through the ages. It was compiled by Howard da Silva, Felix Leon and Alfred Drake, who also stars; music and lyrics by Charles Burr.

MILWAUKEE, WIS. Melody Top Tent. *I Get a Kick out of You, You're the Top*, *Bow, Gabriel*, Blow, and of course the title song *Anything Goes* are just four of the numbers that made Cole Porter's 1934 musical the tops for so long. It is still going strong, with Gretchen Wyler playing the original Ethel Merman role.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. Ahmanson Theater, the Music Center. José Ferrer plays the dual Don Quixote-Cervantes role in *Man of La Mancha*, a romantic operetta that resembles *Don Quixote* as it might have been written by Sancho Panza. But the settings and costumes are handsome.

CINEMA

EASY RIDER. From the unpromising material of drugs and motorcycles, debuting Director Dennis Hopper has made a strong odyssey starring himself, Peter Fonda and a brilliant newcomer named Jack Nicholson. The film occasionally slips into self-pity, but the places and the faces of mid-America are true and tragic.

THE WILD BUNCH. Under Sam Peckinpah's direction, this film becomes a huge and beautifully composed canvas of violence in the waning West. The script may be a campfire yarn but the final shoot-out is one of the most raucous, violent and magnificent gun battles ever put on film.

LAUGHTER IN THE DARK. Love is literally blind in this film version of Nabokov's novel. Nicol Williamson is a sightless and insightful Englishman deceived by Anna Karina, a tart movie usherette.

THE DEVIL BY THE TAIL. Yves Montand comes on strong as a sardonic, Gallic Bogart in this lively little French farce directed with wry mockery by Philippe de Broca.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY. Jon Voight exchanges his Texas desolation for an even more loveless scene—Manhattan, where he

meets Dustin Hoffman, another loner. Their vaulting performances bring to life one of the most unlikely and melancholy love stories in the history of the American film.

TRUE GRIT would be nothing but another creaky western comedy except for a superb, self-mocking performance by John Wayne, who at 62 has never seemed more like The Duke.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE FOUR-GATED CITY, by Doris Lessing. In the final novel in her *Children of Violence* series, the author takes her heroine, Martha Quest, from World War II to the present. Then the meticulous, disturbing book proceeds into the future to demonstrate the author's extrasensory conviction that global disaster is at hand.

SONS OF DARKNESS, SONS OF LIGHT, by John A. Williams. In this novel, set in 1973, a normally reasonable Negro civil rights leader hires a gunman to avenge the death of an unarmed black boy shot by a white New York City policeman. The result evokes the tragedy of a sleepwalking American society that can be awakened only by violence.

WHO TOOK THE GOLD AWAY, by John Leggett. Told with marvelous class and considerable spit and polish, this old-school novel recounts the tale of two Yale classmates who alternately befriend and betray each other well into middle age.

THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER, by Gay Talese. A former New York Times staffer takes his readers far behind the bylines for a gossip analysis of the workings and power struggles within the nation's most influential newspaper.

THE YEAR OF THE YOUNG REBELS, by Stephen Spender. Mingling on the barricades with American and European student radicals, the Old Left poet and veteran of Spanish Civil War politics reports humanely on New Left ideals and spirit.

THE RUINED MAP, by Kobo Abe. In this psychological whodunit by one of Japan's best novelists (*The Woman in the Dunes*, *The Face of Another*), a detective turns a search for a missing husband into a metaphysical quest for his own identity.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Love Machine*, Susann (1 last week)
2. *Portnoy's Complaint*, Roth (2)
3. *The Godfather*, Puzo (3)
4. *Ada*, Nabokov (4)
5. *The Andromeda Strain*, Crichton (5)
6. *The Pretenders*, Davis (6)
7. *Slaughterhouse-Five*, Vonnegut (8)
8. *The Goodbye Look*, Macdonald (9)
9. *Except for Me and Thee*, West (7)
10. *What I'm Going to Do, I Think*, Woelke

NONFICTION

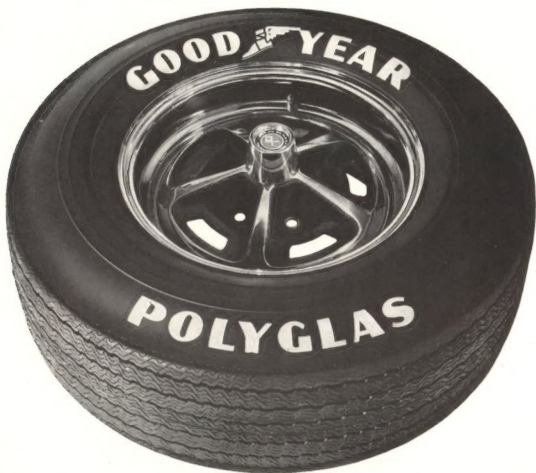
1. *The Peter Principle*, Peter and Hull (1)
2. *The Kingdom and the Power*, Talese (2)
3. *Ernest Hemingway*, Baker (3)
4. *Jennie*, Martin (4)
5. *An Unfinished Woman*, Hellman (6)
6. *The Making of the President '68*, White
7. *Between Parent and Teenager*, Ginott (5)
8. *Norma Jean*, Guiles
9. *Robert Kennedy: A Memoir*, Newfield (9)
10. *The 900 Days*, Salisbury (7)

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LETTERS

What a Piece of Work!

Sir: The Moon—Shakespeare epitomizes this wondrous feat in those famous lines from *Hamlet*: "What a piece of work is a man! . . . how infinite in faculty . . . in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!"

GURNEY McCASLAND JR.
San Gabriel, Calif.

Sir: For the first time since creation itself, man stands upon another world, looks to the future and says: "This is a human place."

JAMES SAKLAD
Houston

Sir: Walking on the moon seems pretty important to us right now. We had to do it, of course. But for quite a while, most of us have known, deep down inside, that man is universal—eternal, too. Finally we have a little physical evidence of it.

CLARK SLADE
Columbus

Sir: Within the lifetime of one generation, science has realized and overpassed every age-old dream of humanity to which it has applied itself. Why are we so reluctant to use science to achieve a longer and healthier life; maybe to live for centuries, so that we can see all the wonders that we so glibly talk about? Who can say today that we could not do it?

STEVEN LUNZER, M.D.
Duke Medical Center
Durham, N.C.

Sir: Unless we blow our chance, the landing of Americans on the moon might signal more than the dawning of a new era in just a scientific sense. This great day has united the human spirit and merged past dreams with present actuality.

Let us hope that politics can be surmounted both on earth and in space. Now is our chance to avoid a "space race" or "spaceship gap." What reasons can we give for not cooperating in the building of space stations, the staffing of research bases and the exciting exploring of stellar frontiers? (Sigh.) No doubt we'll think of some.

FOREST GRIEVES
Assistant Professor
Department of Political Science
Western Illinois University
Macomb

Sir: Humanity is faced with three major problems. No. 1 is how to control the burgeoning population of our species. When

we solve that, we may have a chance to lick No. 2—the eradication of hunger. Once that is accomplished, there is a possibility we might move on to No. 3—elimination of war.

When we get down to about No. 649 on the list, we can begin to indulge in space exploration.

RICHARD T. WALNUT
Mount Holly, N.J.

Sir: Let me remind those persons who are beating their breasts about the money spent on the moon landing instead of on poverty and city slums that, had Isabella waited to clean up the slums of Palos, Columbus would never have discovered the Western Hemisphere. And that voyage did more to alleviate the suffering of the world's poor than anything that had come before it.

So let us not prejudice this first step into the new frontier.

MARY EVADENE MALONE
Bel Air, Md.

Sir: Will someone please tell me which doddering, bumbling generation, what archaic educational system, and whose capitalistic tax dollars managed to put those men up among the stars?

ELDRD BROWN
Big Timber, Mont.

Sir: From your predictions on the potential use of the moon, it seems that the moon could become merely a new addition to earth's commercial schemes. We are so damn practical. We always have to ring up a sale for everything.

I can just see Howard Hughes right now, cooking up a fantastic vacation for two to the newest resort—Lunar Las Vegas.

Can we ever explore without exploiting? Right now the lunar virgin is fertile soil for extensive scientific research. Let's leave it that way and, for once, be anti-utilitarian.

DOUG DeVRIES
Gettysburg, Pa.

Sir: Even in the face of America's many social, political and economic ills, I can feel nothing but pride and gratitude toward a nation that will enable my children's children to abandon earthly strife in search of better worlds. I am only sorry that the generation of men and women who are making interplanetary travel a reality will themselves be confined to the boundaries of Mother Earth, thanks to Father Time.

MOLLY MACK
Portland, Ore.

Sir: May I be the first to nominate your Men of the Year, 1969: Neil Armstrong, Buzz Aldrin, Michael Collins.

CAROL H. TORTORELLO
Mount Prospect, Ill.

Matter of Perspective

Sir: You support the accusation of the Chilean Foreign Minister that "Private investments have meant and mean today for Latin America that the amounts that leave our continent are many times as high as those invested in it" [July 11].

Do the honorable gentleman and you expect investment to exceed ultimate dividends? In any event, the amount that leaves the area is peanuts compared with what stays behind for payrolls, taxes, purchases of local supplies and services, etc. Let's keep the problem in its proper perspective.

J. S. VANDERPLOEG
Toronto

Erroneous Impression

Sir: Having just read your article on Nixon's upcoming visit to Asia [July 25], I am distressed to see that both the article and the accompanying photograph give the erroneous impression that General Praphas Charusathien is Thailand's head of government. The Prime Minister of Thailand is, of course, General Thanom Kittikachorn. General Praphas is Deputy Premier and Minister of the Interior.

HUGH D. S. GREENWAY
TIME-Life Bureau Chief

Bangkok

► *Our apologies for the implication. We did not intend to convey that General Praphas is head of government but simply that he is an important Asian statesman.*

Mayor Malaprop

Sir: Here are two more Mayor Daleyisms [July 18], told to me years ago by a member of his city council at that time: He told about being with Dr. Paul Dudley White and riding a tantrum bicycle with him. He spoke about the garbage situation here in Chicago and said that the refuse collection was going along well.

KATHLYN ANDLER
Chicago

Sir: Was it not Mayor Daley, master of the paraphrase, who also said, "Progress is our most important project?"

JOHN L. WEST JR.
First Lieutenant, U.S.A.R.
North Truro A.F.S., Mass.

Late Returns

Sir: Your account of the Irish elections [June 27] gave disproportionate space to my candidature but neglected to mention the relevant fact that I was elected.

CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN
Dublin

Here Are the Villains

Sir: Why do researchers make such a confounded mystery of modern man's deteriorated capacity for interceding in the affairs of his neighbors [July 18]? Any adult over 30 knows most of the answers. The obvious villains are civilization, urbanization and specialization. Since the disappearance of the frontier, we have become a race of emaculated, unarmed, untrained, helpless nonfighters, who live in a "packaged" mass-media dream world and have been brainwashed to leave the

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dirty work to trained professionals: police, doctors, lawyers, soldiers, firemen, plumbers, etc. We have seen too many heroes and do-gooders get shot, knifed, beaten, insulted, embarrassed, inconvenienced—and would you believe sued—to have much stomach to intrude into the lives and crises of that mixed bag, the urban and unwashed public. Unless the role of the good samaritan receives the full honor and protection of our laws, customs and mores, until young Americans are re-taught honorable self-defense and the morality of involvement, our streets will be unsafe.

ROBERT C. CURREY

Larchmont, N.Y.

Numbers Game

Sir: The figures quoted from the National Transportation Safety Board on the relative safety of riding big airlines v. little airlines (July 18) appear impressive at first glance: the "bigs" kill only .25 people per 100 million passenger-miles while the "littles" kill 7.65 people per 100 million passenger-miles.

We can make a ridiculous example of the Safety Board's statistics by converting their figures to fatalities per 1,000,000 flights. We can say, within reason, that the average flight for the bigs nets 50,000 passenger-miles and that the average flight for the littles nets 100 passenger-miles. The bigs then fly 2,000 flights for 100 million passenger-miles, and the littles fly 1,000,000 flights for 10 million passenger-miles. The bigs are therefore killing 125 people per 1,000,000 flights while the littles are killing only 7.65 people per 1,000,000 flights.

Accordingly, any fool can plainly see that the U.S. trunk and regional carriers are dangerous to ride and that the commuter and taxi services are safe to ride.

I. D. QUILLIN

Camp Springs, Md.

License Revoked

Sir: "The Sex Explosion" article (July 11) revealed the childish and unsophisticated attitude of many people today regarding sex. Preoccupation with sex goes hand in hand with advanced civilization. Actually it is one of the facets of permissiveness. When the Roman Empire really got ripe with decadence and permissiveness, the emperors themselves practiced extreme licentiousness, including incest.

Even savage tribes, and in fact the lower animals, have strict sex regulations. This is necessary, as human experience has demonstrated. Now we have partially educated smart alecks who seem to feel that they have discovered sex. Their cry for emancipation from what they term prudery shows their stupidity and lack of anthropological perspective. We don't need more license; we need more common sense, restraint and decency.

PAUL A. H. DE MACARTE

Dublin

Sir: Your fig leaf cover carries the encouraging business note that even if the movement toward disrobing finally catches us all, there will still be a useful purpose and market for the products of Textron's Talon division.

R. S. EISENHauer
Vice President
Textron

Providence

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

TIME, AUGUST 1, 1969



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DON'T MATTER,
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ABSURDITY
DOES.

You may never want our new Swan policy. But you could want the elastic attitude that made us write it. This elastic attitude of ours means that your special problems get special treatment. Also of course, it leads us into absurdity, and delivers onto our desks such things as this:

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"Swans in question resided in a suburban pond, regarded affectionately by nearby homeowners. One swan, however, having fussy day, did push, poke, flap at or

otherwise annoy one local taxpayer.

"Taxpayer, unhinged, demanded Village Council remove swans from pond. Community rift developed. Coffee parties divided. Car pools suffered.

"Swans continued residence in pond, apparently enjoying publicity and extra bread crumbs.

"Council met, pondered, decided in favor of swans, but sagely insisted on Swan Liability Coverage for village. Hard to get. Didn't exist. Two insurance companies laughed at request.

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Just a few months ago, we introduced what we felt were the most advanced tires being made today.

Evidently a lot of people felt the same way. Because a lot of people went out and bought our tires faster than we could make them. So now a lot of people who want our tires are finding them hard to get.

The answer is obvious. We should make more tires.

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You see, we're talking about the time it takes to make two completely different tires. A front tire designed for steering. A rear tire designed for traction.

We give the front tire extra tread rows so you get excellent steering control.

As for the rear tire, well, we make it wider than the front so you have more rubber on the road. We also give it two different tread patterns so you wind up with superb traction on any kind of surface.

Then we make sure both tires have steel-

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The Uniroyal Masters



PRESIDENT NIXON GREETING APOLLO 11 ASTRONAUTS ABOARD U.S.S. "HORNET"

THE MOON AND "MIDDLE AMERICA"

ERIC HOFFER, that relentlessly middle-brow longshoreman turned philosopher, applauds the Apollo program as "a triumph of the squares." The historic journey to the moon is infinitely more than that, of course, and Hoffer's phrase is mildly offensive. But he does have a point. The laconic Apollo 11 astronauts who returned to earth last week, and many of the people in science and industry who made the trip possible, epitomize the solid, perhaps old-fashioned American virtues. So do the thousands who came to see them off at the Cape and those who celebrated their return with flags and patriotic bumper stickers—few love heads among them, fewer bell-bottom trousers and no disparaging words about the nation. The moon landing was a mind-stretching leap into the future and an accomplishment shared by all America and indeed by the world. But it was especially an accomplishment of "middle America."

It was also a vindication of some traditional strengths and precepts in the American character and experience: perseverance, organizational skill, the willingness to respond to competition—even the belief that the U.S. enjoys a special destiny in the world. Like the World War II Manhattan Project that created the A-bomb, the space program exemplifies a particularly American genius.

That gift is the ability to muster massive resources of men, materials and expertise to convert abstract scientific theory into awesome, tangible technological achievement.

Greatest Since Creation. It is only an accident of history that Richard Nixon occupied the White House when the U.S. first landed men on the moon, but the coincidence seems apt. No less than Neil Armstrong, he is the small-town boy who rose to fame, the upright citizen, the doer somehow left a bit unsophisticated despite his success and prominence. Nixon could scarcely contain his exuberance as he waited on the flag bridge of the carrier *Hornet* for the Pacific splashdown. Waving his arms, he exclaimed: "Oh, boy! Oh, boy!" As the Apollo command module hobbled in the sea, Nixon shouted down to the flight deck to ask the Navy band to play *Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean*.

The President was the soul of middle America when he greeted the astronauts. Peering through the glass window of the quarantine van, he cried: "Gee, you look great!" He inquired

whether they knew the results of the All-Star game. He chatted on and on, with somewhat feeble witticisms about asking the astronauts' wives for a date (coyly revealing that he really meant a state dinner). While there was a certain unpretentious charm to it all, it was also an awkward performance, and its triviality was strongly at odds with the solemnity of what had been accomplished. To describe the feat, Nixon reached for a superlative and found a big one. "This," he announced, "is the greatest week in the history of the world since the creation." That seemed somewhat sweeping for a President who has instituted weekly religious services at the White House; in the Christian view, the birth of Christ surely must rank as a greater event in the world's chronology since Genesis.

In an odd way, the moon is rapidly becoming a mark of where one stands on political and social issues. If Apollo was a victory for U.S. engineering genius, it could not disguise American failures at home. That fact has already become a thundering cliché, and one that promises to be heard for a long time. If we can put men on the moon, why can't we build adequate housing? Or feed all citizens adequately? Or end social and economic injustices? (Or even make the airlines run on time?) One an-

Return of Apollo 11

A section on the lunar mission appears on pages 18 through 28.



"COLUMBIA" AFTER SPLASHDOWN
Vindication of the strengths.

swer, at least, is obvious: unlike the moon landing, these earthbound problems involve complex human instincts and frailties, torturous legacies and anomalies of history.

It is the liberals (along with radicals, many blacks, many of the young) who ask these nagging questions, with particular insistence pressing home the contrast between the accomplishments in space and failures on earth. In this decade the liberals made an issue of these national inadequacies and attempted solutions. Promises made stirred hopes and then frustrations. Other factors, most importantly the war, have set loose political and social demons that neither liberals nor conservatives can yet capture or placate. The events of last week underscored the irony of the liberals' present eclipse. In 1961 John Kennedy set for the U.S. the goal of landing men on the moon by 1970; Richard Nixon, the man Kennedy defeated, presided over the attainment of that goal in 1969. By mischance, Senator Edward Kennedy, the heir to an important part of U.S. liberal leadership, found his political future seriously in doubt.

Competitive Prod. Ted Kennedy himself has argued for a shift of national priorities away from space and Viet Nam to pressing domestic needs. Given the temper of Congress and the Nixon Administration, and the continuing costs of war, that shift is not likely to happen soon. The very success of Apollo 11 is an augury that the level of space spending may not be cut. The liberals seem out of tune with the majority of middle Americans—at least for now. Middle America does not seem

discontented with the present ordering of national values. It elected Richard Nixon and strongly backs the U.S. space program.

There is a special affinity between Richard Nixon and the people of middle America. *TIME's* Washington bureau chief, Iowa-born Hugh Siley, flew with Nixon across the Pacific last week and reflected:

"The President is obviously the embodiment and leader of these people who have paid their taxes, kept the wheels of the country turning, absorbed ridicule from their children and from college professors without saying much. Nixon has given a voice to the majority that did not know it was a majority. Suddenly a few things seem to be going right. This is encouragement to Nixon; this is what his kind of people can do. There is something to be said for it. There is some praise due all those middle-stratum Americans who do the best they know how, trying to do what is honorable—or at least what they think is honorable.

"Riots, crime and permissiveness are all linked in their minds, in a sense, with the old, New Deal-style leadership. Those Americans who have struggled to get just a bit of the good life are turning away to seek a calmer mooring. Right now they have fastened upon Richard Nixon, who goes to ball games, supports the lean hot dog and follows space flights with the enthusiasm of a small boy. He is the president of the Jaycees, the Kiwanis booster, the cheerleader flying around the world glorifying in what middle America has wrought. The Apollo success makes it a good day for people who have taken a lot of scorn for a long time."

In spite of presidential euphoria and middle-American fatigue with the nation's problems, the question remains: Can the U.S. apply its demonstrated technological virtuosity to help master its vexing difficulties at home? Emmanuel Messtene, director of a Harvard research program on technology and society, believes that an important preface to that goal is already under way. "Our society," he argues, "is coming to a deliberate decision to understand and control technology to good social purpose." Perhaps, but major obstacles clearly remain. Going to the moon is easier—and far less costly—than rebuilding American cities and uplifting the disinherited. There is no obvious prod of international competition, no single challenge perceived and response desired by a cohesive majority.

Two Forces. Nonetheless, the U.S. has opened another frontier in space, and there is no material reason why it cannot do so on earth if only it has the will. In 1893, historian Frederick Jackson Turner described the American qualities born of frontier life: "That coarseness and strength combined with acuteness and inquisitiveness; that practical, inventive turn of mind, quick to find expedients; that masterful grasp of material things, powerful to effect great ends; that restless, nervous energy; and withal that buoyancy and exuberance which comes with freedom." All this could be applied to causes even more arduous—and at least as worthy—as reaching the moon. But it can happen only with the help of two forces that are extremely hard to bring into play, and there is no evidence as yet that they are being marshaled. They are national leadership and national will.



NIXON WAVING TO ASTRONAUTS IN RECOVERY HELICOPTER
And now to do the same on earth.

THE MYSTERIES OF CHAPPAQUIDDICK

IN his sorrow last summer, he seemed larger than anyone had remembered. Forgotten were the early misadventures of the youngest son of a rich and famous family. Like Shakespeare's Prince Hal, he was not what he had seemed to be, and friends and critics alike saw not an immature Senator from Massachusetts but the legend's last guardian. That summer he avoided a chance for the presidential nomination. It would have been premature. But who could doubt that, if spared the fate of his brothers, he would make his claim on the legacy in the future? In his first speech after the murder in Los Angeles of Brother Robert, Edward Moore Kennedy proclaimed: "Like my three brothers before me, I pick up a fallen standard. Sustained by the memory of our priceless years together, I shall try to carry forward that special commitment to justice, to excellence, to courage that distinguished their lives."

The recollection of these words evoked bitter irony last week. Kennedy's career was threatened not by a violent enemy or a political foe but by a scandal that revealed a shocking lapse of judgment and control.

Harried Seclusion

Kennedy's last night on Chappaquiddick off Martha's Vineyard and the mystifying week that followed brought back all the old doubts. For approximately nine hours after the car that he was driving plunged from Dike Bridge—carrying his only passenger, Mary Jo Kopechne, to a death by drowning—Kennedy failed to notify police. After his first brief and inadequate statement at the station house, his silence allowed time for both honest questions and scurrilous gossip to swirl around his reputation and his future. Only once did the Senator leave the harried seclusion of the Kennedy compound at Hyannisport—when he flew to the funeral at Plymouth, Pa., still wearing a neck brace he received after the accident.

The Kennedy debacle became a topic of more interest in much of Washington and elsewhere in the country than man's landing on the moon. Americans in Saigon discussed the case more than they did the war. Politicians began weighing the practical repercussions: What of his Senate seat? The party's future? One Republican National Committee official even noted that Kennedy's value as a Democratic fund raiser had been destroyed.

Finally, at week's end, Senator Kennedy did break his silence. Through his lawyers, Kennedy withdrew his opposition to the misdemeanor proceedings against him, waiving a hearing scheduled for this week. He then pleaded guilty to a charge of leaving the scene of an accident. That night Kennedy went on all-

network TV to tell his story of what happened before and after the accident and to make an artfully emotional appeal for the guidance of the Massachusetts electorate as to whether he should resign from the Senate.

For all of its pain, the courtroom was probably the easier ordeal. Arriving 25 minutes before the 9 a.m. trial was to begin, Kennedy, accompanied by his wife Joan and his brother-in-law Stephen Smith, looked like a ruined man,



KENNEDY LEAVING FERRY TO SEE POLICE
One indefensible fact.

the strain clearly showing in his drawn face. When the clerk asked for his plea, the Senator softly replied, "Guilty," then, after a second, "Guilty," in a louder voice that all the reporters and onlookers who crowded the 1840-vintage courtroom could hear. He uttered no other word during the nine minutes the proceedings lasted.

Judge James Boyle pronounced sentence: two months in a house of correction, suspended for a year. Kennedy was not on formal probation, but he was made subject to the court's jurisdiction for twelve months. Prosecutor Walter Steele requested that Kennedy be spared imprisonment, as did one of Kennedy's three lawyers, saying that the "reputation of the defendant is known to the court, and to the world."

Edgartown Police Chief Dominick Arena, who had investigated the accident and brought the charge against the Senator, found no fault. "I'm satisfied," he told reporters, "and the case is closed."

In legal terms, the chief was almost certainly right. Politically and morally, he could scarcely have been farther from the truth. Speaking to the nation before a bookcase in his father's house in Hyannisport—his own house had insufficient electrical capacity for TV equipment—Kennedy sought not only to fill some of the gaping holes in his earlier story, but, in an appeal slightly reminiscent of Richard Nixon's famous Checkers speech in 1952,* to salvage his political future as well. The appearance did, in fact, answer a few of the questions, but left the most serious ones unanswered and raised a few that had not been asked before. The questions and the facts, so far as they are known:

WHAT WAS THE OCCASION? A group of secretaries and women aides from Robert Kennedy's 1968 presidential campaign and several male Kennedy friends and retainers met for a cookout Friday, July 18, at the small, two-bedroom Lawrence cottage that Kennedy's cousin, Joseph Gargan, had rented on Chappaquiddick. Kennedy said he had "encouraged and helped sponsor" the gathering for the "devoted group" of women. It is a fact that such social reunions of Kennedy people are held occasionally, and this one was not at all unusual.

There were six women and six men, including the Senator. Besides Mary Jo, the women, all from Washington, were Susan Tannenbaum, Rosemary Keough, Esther Newberg, and two sisters, Nancy and Mary Ellen Lyons. Besides Kennedy and Gargan, the men were Paul Markham, a former U.S. attorney for Massachusetts; Jack Crimmins, a Kennedy employee; Charles Tredder and Raymond Larusso, frequent sailing companions. Kennedy was registered at the Shiretown Inn in Edgartown, across the channel from Chappaquiddick; the women were put up at The Dunes, a motel several miles away. Kennedy had raced his yacht, the *Victoria*, that afternoon in the first heat of the annual Edgartown Regatta, an event long attended by members of his family. Kennedy's wife Joan remained at their summer home on Squaw Island off Hyannisport. "Only reasons of health," Kennedy said, prevented her from joining him. Mrs. Kennedy is expecting their fourth child

* Under attack for having accepted an \$18,000 private expense fund raised by California supporters, Nixon, the G.O.P. vice-presidential candidate, went on TV to explain and ask for a public verdict. One contribution he would never give up, Nixon said, was his daughters' dog Checkers—hence the name given the speech.

around the first of the year, though this was not necessarily the "reason of health." No other wives attended the party, and no reasons were given for their absence.

WHY DID KENNEDY AND MISS KOPECHNE LEAVE? According to both his first written statement and his television accounting, Kennedy and Mary Jo left the party about 11:15 p.m. Though he failed to repeat it on TV, his purpose, Kennedy told police, was to catch the last ferry at midnight back to Martha's Vineyard. The Senator, said one of the women last week, wanted to turn in early so that he would be rested for the second race the next day, and Mary Jo's mother later observed that "M.J." was a "sleeper" who usually retired early. Kennedy reportedly offered to take Miss Kopechne back with him when Mary Jo said that she was tired.

Some of the other women, however, did not even know that Kennedy had left; none were aware of the accident until the following morning.

At this point, according to the TV recounting, Kennedy faced up to one of the most damaging and obvious questions: "There is no truth, no truth whatever, to the widely circulated suspicions of immoral conduct that have been leveled at my behavior and hers regarding that evening. There has never been a private relationship between us of any kind." No one can prove conclusively, of course, that Kennedy was telling the truth about this aspect of the incident, but most evidence indicates that he was, if for no other reason than that an affair in the night seemed totally out of character for Mary Jo (see box, *overleaf*). Says Esther Newberg: "Mary Jo was not a stranger or a pickup. She was like a member of the family." On the other hand, says a longtime Kennedy watcher, "one can also venge that Kennedy, jovial, relaxed, perhaps high, might have said: 'Come on, Mary Jo, and let's have a look at the ocean.'"

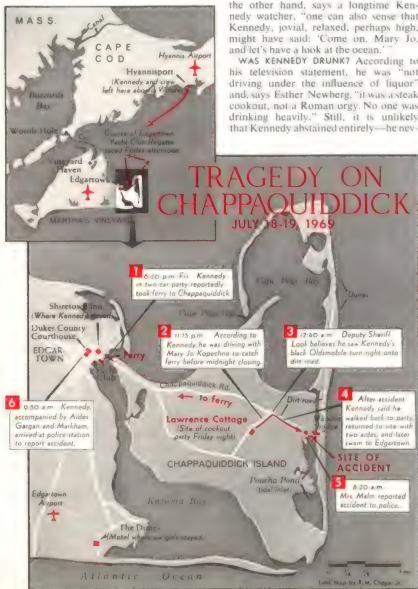
WAS KENNEDY DRUNK? According to his television statement, he was "not driving under the influence of liquor" and, says Esther Newberg, "it was a steak cookout, not a Roman orgy. No one was drinking heavily." Still, it is unlikely that Kennedy abstained entirely—he nev-

er said that he did—and the lack of a blood or breath test afterward can only arouse suspicion, justified or not. Kennedy has been drinking more heavily since his brother was murdered last year, but he is far from being a drunkard. He has been quite sober at several parties where liquor flowed freely, and a TIME correspondent who has watched him for months has seen him drunk only once. And that was on an airplane coming back from his celebrated trip to Alaska last winter. There is, in short, no proof either way.

HOW DID THE ACCIDENT HAPPEN? Leaving the cottage in his black 1967 Oldsmobile, Kennedy was almost at once brought up against a T-junction. If he had turned left, he would have continued along the paved Chappaquiddick Road leading toward the ferry crossing. But he turned his car right onto a dirt road leading to the wooden bridge and to the beach beyond. In his first statement to police, Kennedy explained that he had simply made a wrong turn, heading to the right. That meant he would have had to overlook a reflector arrow pointing the way to the ferry, and longtime residents say that all of the Kennedy brothers knew—or should have known—the area very well. The question arises: Could the Senator have traveled six-tenths of a mile down an unpaved road without knowing that he was on the wrong course? Or was he knowingly heading for the beach?

The bridge, once reached, is demonstrably dangerous night or day, and someone was bound to go off it sooner or later. A narrow (10 ft. 6 in.) structure without guard rails, it meets the road obliquely, so that if a driver goes onto the bridge at exactly the same angle he has been traveling, he will automatically wind up in the water. Kennedy's car, in fact, got only 18 feet onto the bridge before plunging into the pond. Locals recommend stopping altogether before leaving the road, then inching forward at 5 m.p.h. Kennedy informed the state Bureau of Motor Vehicles, which suspended his license last week pending its own administrative investigation, that he had been going 20 m.p.h. There is no tangible evidence to dispute his figure, and there were no skid marks to indicate that Kennedy had braked the car or had even been aware that he was in danger. It is known, however, that some members of Kennedy's entourage refuse to ride with him because he is such a daredevil driver, and Kennedy incurred four traffic convictions in the '50s, two for speeding and two for reckless driving.

HOW DID HE ESCAPE? Describing the climactic moment on television, Kennedy said that he had no idea at all of how he got free of the car, which overturned in the tidal water. "I remember thinking, as the cold water rushed in around my head," he said "that I was for certain drowning. Then water entered my lungs, and I actually felt the





APPROACH TO DIKE BRIDGE AS ILLUMINATED BY AUTO HEADLIGHTS

STEVE HARTER

Some questions answered, others left unanswered, a few raised that had not been asked before.

sensation of drowning. But somehow I struggled to the surface alive. I made immediate and repeated efforts to save Mary Jo by diving into the strong and murky current, but succeeded only in increasing my state of utter exhaustion and alarm."

Encumbered with a back brace from his 1964 airplane crash, Kennedy must have found it difficult to dive into the water, and the question is how strenuously he really tried. The tidal current was running at 14 knots. Considering the physical circumstances, and Kennedy's description of his condition, there is some doubt as to how much credibility this part of his story carries. When the car was brought to the surface the next morning, a purse belonging to Rosemary Keough, Edward Kennedy's secretary, was found. This led to all kinds of speculation that Miss Keough might have been in the car along with Mary Jo. In fact, she had used the car earlier in the day to pick up a radio for the party and had forgotten the pocketbook in the automobile.

WHY DIDN'T HE CALL THE POLICE? In all accounts of the accident, the most mysterious gap—and unquestionably the most serious—was in what happened next. Why did he not immediately summon the police or a fire department rescue crew? "My conduct and conversation during the next several hours," Kennedy told the TV audience, "to the extent that I can remember them, make no sense to me at all. My doctors informed me that I suffered a cerebral concussion as well as shock. I do not seek to escape responsibility for my actions by placing the blame either on physical or emotional trauma brought on by the accident or anything else. I regard as indefensible the fact that I did not report the accident to the police immediately." Instead, he walked back to the cottage, and along his route he passed four houses, at least one of which had lights showing.

At this point, the statement that Kennedy gave to the police and the accounting that he gave to the public seemed to diverge. In the first version, he said that on returning to the cottage he climbed into the back seat of a car

and asked someone at the party to take him back to Edgartown. How he finally managed to get to Edgartown he did not relate. In the second explanation, he said that when he reached the cottage, he talked to Gargan and Paul Markham, a former U.S. attorney for Massachusetts, and took them back to the bridge. Both of his friends then dived into the water, Kennedy said on TV, but failed to find Mary Jo. "All kinds of scrambled thoughts" went through his mind, said Kennedy, including the notion that perhaps the event had not happened at all, or, on the other hand, perhaps "some awful curse did actually hang over all the Kennedys." He added, "I was overcome. I am frank to say, by a jumble of emotions—grief, fear, doubt, exhaustion, panic, confusion and shock."

WAS KENNEDY IN SHOCK? In many ways, common sense chafes at the idea of shock, particularly the kind that Kennedy described. How could he remember some things so well and other things not at all? His memory did indeed seem highly selective.

Questioned by TIME, three experts said, however, that Kennedy's behavior was not unusual for a person who had

suffered such an experience. By simple definition, shock causes a person to dissociate himself temporarily from threatening circumstances. Subconsciously seeking the protective company of those he knew, Kennedy might thus have passed up nearby houses that could have offered help for the more certain, if more distant safety of his friends. "No one knows what his own breaking point is," says Dr. Max Sadove, professor at the University of Illinois Medical School. "It is different at different times for different people." Nevertheless, it remains somewhat difficult to accept the thought that Kennedy's state of shock could have allowed him the rational move of calling on his friends for help and giving them various instructions but would have prevented him from making the equally rational move of instructing them to call the police.

WHY DIDN'T GARGAN AND MARKHAM CALL THE POLICE? Assuming that Kennedy was in a state of shock, the conduct of Gargan and Markham is nothing less than incomprehensible. They are both lawyers, although Gargan is used by Kennedy largely as companion for carrying out miscellaneous chores—making reservations, ordering food, emptying glasses and drawing baths. Though under no legal compulsion to do so, the two men could reasonably be expected to have called the police immediately if they were thinking of the girl. Not only would Mary Jo's body have been recovered faster, but her life might conceivably have been saved. Though only the slimmest of possibilities existed, there is a chance that an air bubble might have remained for a brief time within the submerged vehicle, giving the girl moments of life. If a bubble formed, it would have been in the car's rear, which was higher in the water than the heavy front end. Mary Jo's body was, in fact, found in the back seat, although she presumably had been riding in front next to Kennedy.

Beyond what would seem to be a natural instinct to get help quickly, a prompt call to the police would have saved Kennedy from some of the innuendo that followed—if indeed he was innocent of drunkenness. One minor point not ex-



COTTAGE WHERE PARTY WAS HELD
A gathering for a devoted group.

plained in any statement is how the two men—after undergoing the experience Kennedy describes—could return to the small group and arouse no curiosity. Kennedy says only that he instructed them "not to alarm Mary Jo's friends." As it is, the suspicion is bound to linger that the only reason the two men did not call the police is that they were afraid that Kennedy was in no shape to undergo breath or other tests for alcohol. Thus, they might have chosen to risk the lesser charge of leaving the scene of an accident over the graver charges that might have arisen from drunken driving. It is, of course, pos-

sible that the two men were simply being inept. Whatever the explanation, that point remains one of the weakest in Kennedy's story.

HOW DID KENNEDY GET BACK TO EDGARTOWN? On TV he said that he had Gargan and Markham drive him to the ferry crossing. The last scheduled ferry had already left—though it was possible by special arrangements to have service resumed. On a sudden impulse, Kennedy said, he jumped into the water and swam the 250-yard channel separating Chappaquiddick from Martha's Vineyard, "nearly drowning once again in the effort." Finally, he said, he col-

lapsed in his hotel room, going out only once before morning to talk to a man he identified as a clerk, Russell E. Peachey, actually a co-owner of the Shiretown Inn, later told TIME Correspondent Frank Merrick that he did indeed see Kennedy at 2:25 a.m., dressed in a suit coat and trousers that appeared dry. Kennedy complained that party noise from an adjacent building was keeping him awake, and inquired what the time was. To Peachey, Kennedy did not seem to be acting or talking strangely. As in the phase of his story concerning his escape from the Oldsmobile, his recapitulation raises odd questions. How did he have the strength to make the dangerous swim? If he was trying to sleep, as Peachey's recollection indicates, why the suit?

On Chappaquiddick, meanwhile, the party apparently continued long past the time of the accident. The remaining members of the group missed the ferry back to Edgartown and spent the night in the cottage. There were not enough beds to go around and some had to sleep on couches or the floor. Apparently Markham and Gargan left the party to help Ted without being noticed. What they did or where they were for the remainder of the night is still not known.

WERE THE AUTHORITIES LAX? Edgartown Police Chief Dominick Arena, a well-meaning former state trooper who had escaped to the island to avoid the tensions of the mainland, was on a diet of tranquilizers last week. In his own words, he had never investigated anything more serious than complaints of "snapping turtles or snakes in people's yards." Though Kennedy spent some time in Arena's office the morning after the accident preparing his initial statement, Arena never thought to question him. Nor were the other participants in the party interrogated. "After all," Arena told reporters, "when you have a U.S. Senator, you have to give him some credibility."

Inundated with telephone calls and telegrams charging that Kennedy was not receiving the same scrutiny anyone else might have, Arena heatedly said to newsmen: "Let me tell you—he is being treated the same as everyone else." This hardly seems to have been the case. According to John Farrar, the diver who retrieved Mary Jo's body the next morning after an islander had reported the submerged car and after Arena had himself made an unsuccessful attempt to recover the body, the chief was informed that Kennedy was waiting for him back at Edgartown. By this time Arena knew that it was Kennedy's car and was attempting to have his office locate the Senator. When Arena heard that Kennedy preferred to talk to him in Edgartown rather than on Chappaquiddick, said Farrar, Arena said: "Teddy wants me to go back to the station. I've got to go." Oddly, Kennedy had already gone from Edgartown

"The Girl Next Door"

ANY suggestion that she might be involved in scandal would have appalled Mary Jo Kopechne. Then it might have amused her, for she was often kidded for not being a swinger. Girlish and gung-ho, she led a life that revolved around the Catholic Church, politics and the Kennedy family. Mary Jo, as everyone who knew her agreed last week, was the girl next door, or perhaps the tomboy, who played catcher on the office softball team. When she took her first Capitol Hill job in 1963, working for Florida's Senator George Smathers, there was a standing joke that only Mary Jo, in an office full of more chic, sleek numbers, knew how to take dictation.

An only child, Mary Jo was born in Plymouth, Pa., where her father was an insurance salesman. In 1962, she graduated with a degree in business from New Jersey's Caldwell College for Women, a small liberal arts school operated by the Sisters of St. Dominic. She immediately sought social and political commitments, starting with a job teaching black children in a civil rights project in Montgomery, Ala.

Once in the capital, "M.J." could not resist the lure of employment in Freshman Senator Robert Kennedy's office; Smathers recommended her because of her adoration of the Kennedys. Mary Jo soon became respected for thoroughness, industriousness and discretion. "She was the one who stayed up all night and typed Bobby's speech on Viet Nam" in February 1966, Ethel Kennedy recalled last week. During the 1968 campaign, Mary Jo worked in the "Boiler Room" of R.F.K.'s Washington campaign headquarters, where the running count of convention delegates was kept. Mary Jo joined three oth-

er young women in renting a small Georgetown house on Olive Street. Though bright, blonde and at least conventionally pretty, she had little social life outside of the office. Michael Dinunzio, who later worked with her in a Colorado Senate campaign, recalled: "She had no plans for marriage. Her total life was politics." He could not remember her having a date over a period of six months.

Though she became increasingly sophisticated politically, some of her friends thought that Mary Jo, at 28, was somewhat naive in social relationships. She was engagingly wholesome, did not smoke and rarely drank. Whenever she traveled, she telephoned her parents to tell them where she was. Says former R.F.K. Aide Wendell Pigman, "She was the kind of girl who almost scowled at hearing a dirty word."

After Robert Kennedy's death, Mary Jo, like other former staffers, worked for a time helping Ethel with correspondence. Then she joined the Southern Political Education and Action Committee, registering Negro voters in Florida. When she was hired last September by Matt Reese Associates, which runs campaigns for Democrats across the country, she was proud to have graduated to the status of political organizer and all-round campaign aide.

Mary Jo had been looking forward to the weekend on Martha's Vineyard. It meant seeing her old friends from the Boiler Room, perhaps playing some nostalgic games of touch football and having yet another chance to root for a Kennedy. She had never worked directly for Ted Kennedy. In fact, some of her friends remember that, in comparison with his brothers, Ted Kennedy was not an idol to Mary Jo Kopechne.



MARY JO KOPECHNE



ESTHER NEWBERG

MARY ELLEN LYONS

Out to watch "Victoria."

to Chappaquiddick not long before word of his presence in the area reached Arena. He lingered at the ferry slip and while there, he said on TV, he tried to call Burke Marshall, a prominent attorney and family friend, from a public telephone booth. Then he went back to Edgartown and appeared at the police station.

Later in the week, Arena told reporters: "You people have been asking a lot of questions about manslaughter and about other driving charges. The only case I have is of leaving the scene of an accident. We have no witness who saw him driving. From my study of the scene, the dirt road, the darkness, the narrow bridge where the car fell, it was an accident, a true accident." Actually, under Massachusetts law, a charge of manslaughter, which requires "willful or wanton" conduct, would have been very unlikely. Even assuming the worst, Kennedy's actions would probably not have met that extreme criterion.

Nonetheless, neither Arena, Dr. Donald Mills, the associate medical examiner, nor Arena's superiors, Prosecutor Steele and District Attorney Edmund Dinis, can brag about their handling of what is probably the most publicized case they will ever be associated with. In keeping with Arena's sketchy investigation, Mills, who pronounced Mary Jo dead, omitted an autopsy. Mills examined the body, but an autopsy would have shown how much Mary Jo had been drinking. Instead, a blood sample, which is much less conclusive, was taken that showed she had drunk a moderate amount. "An autopsy is best in cases like these," said District Attorney Dinis, "because it clears the air and there is no room for speculation." Dinis, however, did not order an autopsy or take over the inquiry from Arena, and both of these steps were in his power.

WHY DID KENNEDY WAIT SO LONG TO EXPLAIN? His own explanation on TV: "Prior to my appearance in court, it would have been improper for me to comment on these matters." Scarcely anything he finally did say, however, could have damaged his legal case. In any event, the damage to his public case and reputation was so shattering

that an early accounting was in his overriding interest. For six days the simplest details remained unexplained and were an endless source of speculation. Until Kennedy went before the cameras, a report by a county deputy sheriff, Christopher Look, that he had seen three people in a car headed toward the bridge at 12:40 a.m.—almost an hour and a half after Kennedy had said that he had left the party—was a mine of burning gossip. The three people, of course, were most likely Kennedy, Gargan and Markham.

Was it possible that Kennedy, like Abe Fortas, had such pride of place that he thought he could ignore the buzz and emerge unscathed? Some did not doubt it for a minute. Others at least wondered if there was not, in fact, a peculiar Kennedy *hubris*.

As the crisis continued, the old Kennedy hands—Robert McNamara, Theodore Sorensen, Richard Goodwin, Kenneth O'Donnell and Burke Marshall, among others—crowded the famous Hyannisport compound, taking every spare bed. Only the house of Jacqueline Onassis, who was away, escaped service as a dormitory. One group of advisers, led by McNamara, strongly urged a full and immediate explanation. Finally, Ted agreed and the speechwriters—Sorensen, J.F.K.'s wordsmith; David Burke, Ted's administrative assistant; and Milton Gwirtzman, a Washington lawyer and Kennedy friend—began their work. By the time their output was broadcast, of course, much of the country was analyzing the case.

Newspapers, for the most part, agreed prior to the television speech that Kennedy had some explaining to do. The usually sympathetic Boston *Globe* stated editorially: "It is in his own best interest as well as the public's that all the facts should come out." The Cleveland *Press*, reviewing the questions left unanswered by Ted's police station statement, declared: "The public is entitled to a better explanation than it has had yet." For all its smooth carpentry, the television statement did not dispel most such doubts and questions. The New

STEVE HARRIS



CHIEF ARENA

PROSECUTOR STEELE

Investigation after a fashion.



PAUL MARKHAM

JOSEPH GARGAN

Where were the natural instincts?

York Times, which had begun its coverage in a mild and reticent way but gradually stepped it up in intensity, ran an editorial under the headline STILL A TRAGEDY AND A MYSTERY. Said the *Times*: "His emotion-charged address leaves us less than satisfied with his partial explanations for a gross failure of responsibility, and more than ever convinced that the concerned town, county and state officials of Massachusetts have also failed in their duty thoroughly to investigate this case because of the political personality involved."

Ultimately, of course, the issue is Edward Kennedy's character and personality. As Chicago's *Daily News* put it: those whom Ted may hope to serve as President are entitled "to know something of the inner workings of his mind under grave stress."

Pool of Blood

Some psychiatrists, both professional and amateur, posed some other interesting questions about those inner workings of his mind. Did the accident and his behavior after it represent some sort of subconscious desire to escape the path that seemed ahead of him? Or was it an unwitting wish to avoid the burdens of becoming a presidential candidate? Few who knew him doubted that in one sense he very much wanted to take that path, but that at the same time he had a fatalistic, almost doomed feeling about the prospect. Such speculation about his psyche may very well be entirely fanciful. But there is no question that since Robert's assassination he has been a different and deeply troubled man.

He was both more and less serious than he used to be—and more complicated. For one thing, he faced considerable responsibilities. He was suddenly, at the relatively young age of 36, the torch bearer of the Kennedy political tradition. "I came into politics in my brother Joe's place," his brother John had once said. "If anything happens to me, Bobby will take my place, and if Bobby goes, we have Teddy coming along." There were also family responsibilities. Joe Kennedy, the patriarch of the clan, was partially paralyzed and

only partly conscious of what happened around him, and Ted was now in effect acting as father to 15 children, three of his own, ten of his brother Robert's (an eleventh child was born later) and, until Jacqueline Kennedy's remarriage, two of John's.

By any standard, he handled his duties, official and unofficial, with devotion. Ted was probably a better Senator than were his two brothers, who found the Senate confining; with only one or two missteps, he served ably. When the 91st Congress assembled in January, he unseated Louisiana's bombastic Russell Long as assistant majority leader. He was a beneficiary, of course, of the grace of being a Kennedy. Without that, he would probably never have won his Senate seat in the first place.

of the Ambassador Hotel. He made clear to his closest associates that he knew better than anyone else that there were uncounted numbers of psychopaths who might like to claim the murder of the last of the Kennedy brothers. Once he reportedly said: "I know that I'm going to get my ass shot off one day, and I don't want to." He talked privately of how his father had watched the Eisenhower funeral on television and of how the former ambassador had thought that his youngest son was being buried. Ted, who had always been the blitheliest brother, and the least intellectual or introspective, could now be morose at times.

The youngest, handsomest and most spoiled of the Kennedy brothers had often seemed shallow and irresponsible.

they are frequently separated. On one journey alone last summer, he was seen in the company of another lovely blonde on Aristotle Onassis' yacht. Such incidents might be recounted about innumerable people in Washington and elsewhere: it is only the Martha's Vineyard tragedy that suddenly makes them seem pertinent.

Prayers Sought

How will the case affect Kennedy's political career? One factor will be to what extent the U.S. public accepts his TV account of the debacle. It was a slick, carefully written statement that was well-delivered, with uncanny echoes of the haunting John Kennedy voice. Apart from its failure to answer key questions, it was disturbing in other respects. It played somewhat cheaply on the "Kennedy curse" and brought in rather more than necessary the shades of the slain brothers. Above all, Kennedy seemed to want it both ways. He asked to shoulder the blame for what happened: "I regard as indefensible the fact that I did not report the accident to the police immediately." At the same time he was obviously also begging to be excused. "I would understand full well why some might think it right for me to resign. I ask you tonight, the people of Massachusetts, to think this through with me. In facing this decision, I seek your advice and opinion. In making it, I seek your prayers."

There could be no doubt that the appeal was effective with many listeners and that Massachusetts, at any rate, would not abandon him. The speech, said Harvard Government Professor Samuel Beer, was a "great tribute to his humanity and strength." Many other Bay Staters obviously agreed. Tens of thousands of telegrams and phone calls offering support came into newspapers and TV and radio stations. Elsewhere, of course, reaction was more mixed. The usual surge of Kennedy hate mail came to Arena and, cruelly enough, to the dead woman's parents. In Massachusetts, where the Kennedys are almost sacrosanct, Republicans will probably still have a tough time finding a candidate of stature to contest Kennedy's Senate seat next year. In the Senate proper, his future may be unaffected. Members are notably tolerant of all kinds of peccadilloes by fellow Senators. "After all," noted Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield last week, "even a politician is human."

The Rigors of the Oval Office

But in some respects, a presidential candidate must be above the larger human frailties. Some people will always wonder whether Kennedy, who at best bent and broke under extreme pressure, can stand up to the rigors of the Oval Office. Would his judgment, like his brother's, remain unimpaired through the tension of a Cuban missile crisis? "Can we really trust him if the Russians come



BOBBY, TED & JACK IN 1959
Bitter irony in the recollection.

and he certainly would never have been considered, at his age and level of experience, a serious presidential contender. Yet he was well-liked in the Senate, was deferential to his elders; he played by the rules and did his homework. If he was far less abrasive—and far less disliked—than Bobby, he also seemed to lack his brother's genuine heat and passion for the causes he backed. In recent months he had only just begun to make a record: speeches on Viet Nam, the space program and the ARB—all of them cautiously worked out with the help of advisers, on whom he relied more than his brother did. But he gained confidence in his own political judgment and seemed to believe a statement that has been attributed to both John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson, that Ted is the best politician in the Kennedy family.

At the same time, he could not forget the image of his brother lying in a pool of his own blood in the kitchen

Apart from the famous exam-cheating episode at Harvard, there were numerous pranks—riding a bronco in the West or landing a plane without adequate training. Recently, his desire for kicks seemed to friends to be tinged with a tomorrow-we-die spirit. He seemed in private more fatigued by the demands of his public image. As LIFE reports this week, Kennedy would be in a room and feel people pressing in on him. His aides would hear him mumble "T.M.B.S."—Too Many Blue Suits—and they would know that it was time to clear the room.

As for women, there are countless rumors in Washington, many of them conveyed with a ring of conviction. Some who have long watched the Kennedys can say with certainty that he often flirts with pretty girls in situations indiscreet for someone named Ted Kennedy. At the same time, he and his wife Joan are rumored to have had their troubles. There is no question that

over the ice cap?" asked one Washington analyst last week. "Can he make the kind of split-second decisions the astronauts had to make in their landing on the moon? If this becomes a problem for him, some of the stuff he admitted about his behavior could be brought back and used against him." One sick joke already visualizes a Democrat asking about Nixon during the 1972 presidential campaign: "Would you let this man sell you a used car?" Answer: "Yes, but I sure wouldn't let that Teddy drive it."

Many Democrats as well as Republicans, liberals as well as conservatives, rushed to write Kennedy's political obituary. Many more, however, again from both parties and both ends of the political spectrum, were less convinced that the Senator had been damaged beyond repair. The situation has been widely compared with Richard Nixon's own comeback from defeat and eclipse—although the cases are entirely different, since Nixon has never been involved in a personal tragedy of such significance. Some years of hard work and impeccable behavior might well restore Kennedy's chances in public life. Some political observers believe that his resignation from the Senate—even if he is overwhelmingly supported by the Massachusetts public—would only help that process by demonstrating his sincere contrition. "Never is a long time," said one moderate Republican Senator. "Kennedy has been hurt, but we're all so close to it this week that I just don't think anyone can judge so soon just how badly he's been hurt." The electorate's memory, of the good as well as the bad, can be surprisingly short.

Remember 1988

In any event, Kennedy has undoubtedly slipped drastically in the odds counting for the 1972 nomination, even as Edmund Muskie, Hubert Humphrey and George McGovern—not to mention some man yet unknown—have gained. That year is not out, of course, but the prospect last week was that 1976, when Ted will be only 44, will be more promising for him. Beyond that no one can see. It is worth noting that in 1988, another presidential year, Kennedy will be only one year older than Richard Nixon was when he finally won the crucial plurality.

Whatever conclusions political leaders and the public ultimately reach, however long or short the national memory, Kennedy may suffer in another, more basic way. He has not been a man devoid of self-doubt for some time. Now this burden could grow heavier, as he compares the Kennedy standard as it was passed to him and its present condition. Can he be sure of his own judgment and grit? He himself acknowledged the dilemma last week when he quoted from J.F.K.: "The stories of past courage cannot supply courage itself. For this, each man must look into his own soul."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Asia After Viet Nam

In a design for Asia's future, there is no room for heavy-handed American pressures; there is need for subtle encouragement of the kind of Asian initiatives that help bring the design to reality.

Writing in *Foreign Affairs* two years ago, Richard Nixon presented this guideline for U.S. policy in Asia after the Viet Nam war is ended. Last week Nixon began to put his precepts into practice with some fast-moving diplomacy. Timed to take advantage of U.S. prestige refurbished by the stunning Apollo 11 moon flight, the President's foray called for stops in the Philippines,

While the President admits that the greatest threats to world peace in the next two decades lie in Asia, purely military U.S. involvement, both in dollars and personnel, will be reduced. He will seek to increase economic assistance. Nixon is mindful of the surging economies that U.S. aid has helped create in Japan, South Korea and Taiwan; because of that strength, the Administration has requested \$800 million in its foreign aid bill for economic assistance to Asia outside Viet Nam. Formal mutual-defense commitments such as the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO) will be honored, but the U.S. will expect Asians to bear more of the military load. Counter-insurgency operations will be handled on a country-to-country basis. The basic premise is



NIXON & PHILIPPINE PRESIDENT MARCOS
A role that demands considerable finesse

Indonesia, Thailand, India and Pakistan before he leaves the Orient for Rumania and Britain. The itinerant demands considerable finesse.

Cautious Concern. There is concern among Asian allies as to what turns U.S. policy is taking. The Administration has already shown that it places the highest priority on disengaging from Viet Nam, and Washington well recognizes that this causes jitters in Asia. Said a top White House aide: "Relations between the U.S. and many parts of the world, but particularly Asia, are at a turning point. There is an inevitable concern in many countries, especially in Asia, as to what the American post-Viet Nam role in their part of the world will look like."

Nixon's mission, in large measure, is to reassure Asian allies that the U.S. will remain a Pacific power with interest in the future of Asia. However, that concern will be balanced with caution. For President Nixon, the overriding consideration is that there be no more Viet Nam

that the U.S. will support its allies in war, but will not fight for them.

The President now stresses Asian action on Asian problems. Nixon will ask Asian leaders the extent to which they would be willing to help supervise elections in Viet Nam and police a ceasefire. He is also lending discreet support to the embryonic five-member Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN) as a means of shaping a regional community. Underlying all considerations is the overweening presence of Communist China.

The Nixon trip began with a nod toward accommodation rather than confrontation with China. Washington announced relaxation of 19-year-old strictures on trade with and travel to mainland China. The new regulation allows travel to China—without special application to the State Department beyond normal passport procedures—for members of Congress, teachers, scholars with postgraduate degrees, undergraduates, scientists, medical doctors, Red

Cross representatives and journalists. The relaxed rule also permits U.S. tourists to buy up to \$100 worth of goods manufactured on the Chinese mainland.

Substantively, the changes could not be considered as very important. As the U.S. expected, Peking immediately denounced them, though in fairly calm language. Obviously, few Americans will be given entry visas by Peking. While the announcement probably brought joy to the shop owners in Hong Kong, the \$100 allowance will have little effect on the economy there or in China (see BUSINESS). But in diplomacy, symbolism is often as valuable as substance. The move betokened American willingness to try to reduce tensions with the Chinese, an effort pleasing to many of the U.S.'s Asian allies. Equally important, it let the Soviet Union know that, as one State Department official put it, "there is a second string to our fiddle." Russia fears a Sino-American rapprochement. At the same time, it has seemed in some instances recently that Washington was teaming with Moscow against Peking. Last week's mild overture toward China was obviously intended to lend a little leverage to U.S. negotiators by demonstrating that the U.S. seeks to communicate with both Communist giants.

THE CONGRESS

Hostage for Tax Reform

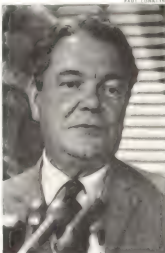
Congress continues to huddle over extension of the \$8 billion income-tax surcharge, the Government's prime anti-inflation program. The extension bill has been blocked in the Senate by Democrats who are determined to hold it as a hostage until the Administration agrees to significant tax-reform measures. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and the members of the Democratic Policy Committee suffered a setback earlier when the Senate Finance Committee reported out the House extension bill intact. But last week they received welcome reinforcements. The help took the form of action by the potent House Ways and Means Committee on a tax package that is stronger than either the Senators or most proponents of reform had dared to hope.

Ways and Means was obviously determined to write a stringent reform law. Meeting throughout the week, the committee approved the narrowing of loopholes that now allow some wealthy individuals to escape taxation entirely. The changes would bring an additional \$2 billion into the federal Treasury and lighten the burden—if only by a feather—on the middle-income taxpayers.

Depletion Cut. The key feature of the House committee's reform plan was a slash in depletion allowances on oil and certain other extractive products. The law that is now on the books permits oil-well owners to deduct from their taxable incomes 27½% of the value that each well produces regardless of drilling or operational costs. Long

deadlocked over the question of depletion cuts, the committee finally approved 18 to 7 a proposal to drop the allowance to 20%. The compromise move, which surprised even Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills, came after Louisiana's Hale Boggs, a longtime guardian of oil-industry privileges, became convinced that there was no other realistic alternative.

Boggs, now majority whip, would like to become Speaker eventually. He realizes that the surtax is necessary and that some degree of reform is probably unavoidable. Recently, reports Time Congressional Correspondent Neil MacNeil, Boggs met secretly in New York City with a number of oil and sulphur executives. He advised them that



LOUISIANA'S BOGGS

No realistic alternative.

some reduction in the depletion allowance was necessary in order to prevent even more drastic changes in other tax regulations bearing on their industries.

At that time, Boggs had in mind a depletion figure of 22%, but he still had to negotiate with Ohio's Charles Vanik, leader of the reform movement within the committee. Vanik wanted to make it 15%. They compromised on 20%.

Making Everyone Pay. Although the reduction of the depletion allowance and the tightening of write-off provisions that are now enjoyed by the oil industry are expected to bring in just \$600 million a year in additional revenues, the psychological impact of the cuts would be great. The depletion allowances, whose whole purpose is to help offset the costs of finding and exploiting new mineral sources, are regarded by many as the most blatant example of special tax privilege for industry.

The public is also likely to favor the committee's action. It is designed to make it impossible for wealthy individuals to avoid federal income taxes entirely through tax-free investments or special loss and deduction allowances. Heading widespread taxpayer resent-

ment over the disclosure that 155 persons with incomes over \$200,000 paid no taxes at all in 1967, Ways and Means approved a "minimum tax" plan that would require everyone to pay taxes on at least half his income. Combining proposals put forward by both the Johnson and Nixon administrations, the plan modifies the exemptions on capital gains and municipal-bond interest and eliminates the tax shelter provided by hobby-farm losses.

The proposed minimum tax plan would, if passed, produce nearly \$100 million a year in revenues. The beneficiaries of this windfall would be wage earners, who now pay a higher percentage of taxes than most millionaires. Mills said that the extra funds would probably be used to cover an increase in the standard deduction of 10% of gross adjusted income claimed primarily by lower and middle-income taxpayers.

Price of Reform. Delighted by the House committee's action and by the probability of a House floor vote before the summer recess begins Aug. 13, Senate Democratic leaders lost no time in pressing their new advantage. Mansfield offered to extend the surtax promptly, but that would take it only to the end of November. A further extension vote by the Senate, he said, would come only after the Ways and Means reform package had made its way through both the House and Senate to the President's desk. Republicans denounced the proposition, and Minority Leader Everett Dirksen said that he could not accept it.

He may have no choice. The Administration is firmly pledged to do whatever it can—or must—to slow down the nation's economy. President Nixon demonstrated this commitment last week when he ordered federal spending trimmed by \$3.5 billion, primarily in non-Vietnamese military programs, in order to keep the budget under the \$192.9 ceiling set by Congress. Viewing the surtax as his key weapon against the inflation that in June boosted the consumer price index by six-tenths of 1%, he has made it clear that he is willing to pay a price for its extension. Nixon last year indicated opposition to changing the oil-depletion allowance, but he will probably sign any tax-reform bill passed by Congress.

REPUBLICANS

Abandon the Cities?

Despite Richard Nixon's victory in November and his robust showing in opinion samplings since then, the Republicans remain the minority party. The latest measurement was a recent Gallup poll showing that 42% of the public considers itself Democratic, 29% Republican, and the balance independent. But many Republicans think that the G.O.P. now has the opportunity to capitalize on developing new alignments. Strategists differ on just how to turn the trick. One approach—which might be called

the politics of retreat—is outlined in fascinating detail in a book published last week titled *The Emerging Republican Majority*.

The author is Kevin P. Phillips, 28, a graduate of Harvard Law School ('64) who was a voting-trend analyst for Nixon Campaign Manager John Mitchell. Since the election, he has followed Mitchell to the Justice Department and is now an assistant to the Attorney General.

Social Engineering. More than anything else, Phillips' book is a master plan of how the G.O.P. can corral voters troubled by what he calls "the Negro problem." The Democrats, says Phillips, have shifted from the economic populist stand of the New Deal to "social engineering." As a result, writes Phillips, "in practically every state and region, ethnic and cultural animosities and divisions exceed all other factors in explaining party choice and identification."

Accordingly, Phillips would work toward a Republican majority* by embracing disgruntled white former Democrats. He sees voting strength in the suburbanites who flee the cities when the blacks move in. He would plow the Midwestern blue-collar enclaves, where white lower-middle-class voters fear economic competition from ambitious blacks. Special emphasis would be given to what he calls the "sun belt"—prospering areas such as Florida, Texas, Arizona and California—where middle-class whites cherish their freshly earned fortunes.

In his survey of G.O.P. hopes, Phillips dismisses some areas as places where "Democratic trends correlate with stability and decay (New England, New York

City, Michigan, West Virginia and San Francisco-Berkeley)." Certain heavily urbanized states, according to Phillips, "are no longer necessary for national Republican victory." Urban populations in some regions are static or declining, and presumably Phillips believes that the city will soon belong to the blacks, who are either Democrats or uninterested in exercising their franchises.

Phillips, among others, sees the Deep South and the border states as a future stronghold of the G.O.P. "Now that the national Democratic Party is becoming the Negro party throughout most of the South," says Phillips, "the alienation of white Wallace voters is likely to persist." He reasons that the G.O.P. must be conservative enough to undercut George Wallace or any third-party leader like him.

Cleavages. To an extent, the strategy that is set forward in Phillips' book is an aggrandized version of the 1968 Republican presidential-campaign strategy—though Nixon, in his pre-election speech on new alignments, specifically sought to appeal to both black and white liberals. Phillips acknowledges that he expects to be accused of deepening racial discord and promoting segregationist politics, but he adds: "I don't say that it should happen. I just say that it does happen. We have always had these ethnic cleavages, despite a lot of effort to pretend that they will go away."

Many progressive Republicans, amateurs and academics, such as the Ripon Society leadership, would find life within Phillips' G.O.P. untenable, as would many working politicians, including Nelson and Winthrop Rockefeller, Hugh Scott, Jacob Javits, Charles Percy, George Romney and Edward Brooke. As they see it, the Phillips type of strategy would split the nation. For them, a Republican majority must be broadened along racial, as well as class, lines. They have demonstrated that Republicans can contend for power successfully without abandoning either the cities or the blacks.

DEMOCRATS

McCarthy's Future

In the months since Eugene McCarthy's campaign for the presidency, Washington has been alive with rumors about the Minnesota Senator's political and personal plans. The two, it was said, were entangled. Last week McCarthy, 53, made explicit an earlier ambiguous announcement by declaring he would not seek re-election to the Senate next year on any ticket in Minnesota. Columnist Drew Pearson primed Washington's gossip-go-round by reporting that McCarthy "has decided to make a complete break with the past and leave not only the Senate but his wife Abigail."

McCarthy ordered his staff to deny that he was seeking a divorce, but he did not repudiate Pearson's report that



McCarthy & wife Abigail last year
Complete break with the past?

the Senator's marriage was "on the rocks." The McCarthys have been married 24 years, have four children, and are practicing Roman Catholics. (At one time he was a Benedictine novice, and he still has a carved visage of St. Benedict in his Senate office.)

McCarthy's announcement left his seat open to Hubert Humphrey, who feels a little underemployed in academe and is eager to get back into politics. Humphrey heard the political news, while stopping at Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, on his way back from his visit to Russia. McCarthy's decision not to run, said Hubert, "opens many possibilities." No one doubts that the former Vice President will have an easy time returning to the Senate from Minnesota.

For Senator McCarthy, the decision to retire for the time being—regardless of his marital situation—was a practical one. He has lost standing in Minnesota's Democratic-Farmer-Labor party. Among the electorate, law-and-order seems to have become a bigger issue than Viet Nam.

Though he claims that the Nixon Administration has slipped back to where Lyndon Johnson was in 1967, he does not now appear interested in leading another crusade. It has been suggested—and McCarthy has not completely ruled it out—that he move to New York and run for the Senate in 1970 as an independent. But that might split the Democratic vote and ensure a victory for Charles Goodell, the Republican incumbent. As for the future beyond his present Senate term, McCarthy says: "I know what I want to do. Whether I'll do what I want to do is another question."



AUTHOR PHILLIPS
Corral for the troubled.

THE MOON

TASK ACCOMPLISHED

ABORD the U.S.S. *Hornet*, 950 miles southwest of Hawaii, hundreds of crewmen, reporters, cameramen and VIP guests anxiously scanned the pre-dawn skies. At 5:41 a.m., shouts of "There it is! There it is!" rose from the aircraft carrier's huge flight deck. For a split second, a tiny orange speck, no brighter than a faint shooting star, shone against the thick, purplish clouds. Apollo 11 had come home; now it was streaking through the earth's familiar atmosphere after completing the most momentous journey in man's history. Two of the three human beings aboard the re-

three bright orange and white chutes, Apollo 11 dropped into the Pacific nine miles away from the *Hornet* and only 1.7 miles off target.

For Astronauts Armstrong, Buzz Aldrin and Mike Collins, the journey concluded as flawlessly as it had begun 195 hours, 18 minutes and 21 seconds earlier. President Nixon, waiting aboard the *Hornet* to greet the astronauts, hailed their achievement with buoyant enthusiasm. At the same time, over 4,000 miles away in Houston's Mission Control, nerve center of the flight, John F. Kennedy's 1961 pledge that the U.S.

Kraft. Mission Control quickly spotted the cause and ordered the rendezvous radar turned off to remedy the situation. And then, unhappy with the terrain of the landing site, Armstrong took over the manual controls. Had he not done so, the LM would have set down in an area strewn with boulders.

Not long after *Eagle's* successful touchdown, the Soviet space vehicle Luna 15 met with a less fortunate fate. The unmanned ship dropped from her lunar orbit and headed for the moon's surface. Telemetered data picked up by Western observatories indicated that Luna had hit too hard to survive. To most space experts, the failure was one more proof that the Russians are months if not years behind the U.S. in space technology.

Apollo's Star Performer

For Armstrong and Aldrin, the next nerve-racking maneuver was lift-off from the moon's surface. The squat, 172-lb. ascent engine had been test-fired more than 3,000 times, but this was no test. Houston radioed: "You're cleared for takeoff." Replied Aldrin: "Roger, understand. We're No. 1 on the runway." Seconds later, tension dissolved: *Eagle* was airborne, headed into a lunar orbit. Within four hours, the module had rendezvoused and docked with *Columbia* on the far side of the moon. Then Armstrong and Aldrin left the LM so quickly that ground controllers, caught by surprise, sounded a bit put out. "You beat us to the punch," groused Mission Control. And why not? The two moon walkers were as anxious to return to the mother ship as *Columbia's* Pilot Collins was anxious to see them.

Buoyed by the presence of human companions after 27 hours 47 minutes of solitude, Collins took over as Apollo's star performer. During a telecast to earth on the second night of the homeward voyage, Collins hammed it up by showing earthlings how someone could drink water in space. Turning a spoonful of water upside down, he left the globules eerily suspended in the gravity-free cabin. Then, like a trout snapping at a fly, he "captured" the drops with his mouth.

Columbia's homeward heading was so accurate that only one of the three scheduled course-correcting rocket firings was needed. The uneventful journey also gave the astronauts unusually long periods of sleep and relaxation. "Apollo 11, this is Houston," crackled the ship's radio during one particularly long silent stretch. "Are you still up there?"

If the flight was smooth, so was the landing—except for a brief moment after splashdown, when *Columbia* was capsized by 6-ft. swells. But it was quickly



ASTRONAUTS WITH NASA TECHNICIAN IN MOBILE QUARANTINE VAN

To them, it was far more than a personal triumph.

turning spacecraft had actually landed on the moon, strode effortlessly across its tortured surface and brought a few chunks of lunar rock home with them.

Aboard the spacecraft, the astronauts were briskly preparing for the final perilous moments of descent. They had jettisoned the Service Module just before the atmosphere dramatically braked their speed from 24,602 miles per hour to only 168. Then, before the scarily hot gasses that envelop a spacecraft on re-entry blacked out communications, Neil Armstrong reported, almost nostalgically: "We have the moon in the field of view right now."

As *Columbia* plunged to earth, its computerized guidance system took over and tilted the leading edge of the heat shield ever so slightly, to give the command ship more lift. That maneuver, a departure from the original flight plan, carried the craft 205 miles farther downrange to avoid a Pacific storm. A few moments later, swaying gently under its

would land a man on the moon "before this decade is out" flashed on a display board. Near by, a smaller screen carried Apollo 11's *Eagle* emblem along with the immensely proud statement: "Task accomplished . . . July 1969."

It was not accomplished without grave risks—from the initial launching atop a rocket brimful of explosive propellants, to the final splashdown in rolling seas. Perhaps most perilous of all were the maneuvers near and on the moon—it only because they had never before been attempted. As the mission reached its climactic moments and *Eagle*, the lunar module, was curving down to within a few miles of the moon, *Eagle's* computer reported: "Program alarm." *Eagle's* on-board computer was being asked to make too many calculations in the frenetic moments before touchdown. It had begun to balk at having to track *Columbia* while also making the final descent. "It gave us grave concern," said Director of Flight Operations Chris

righted by large flotation bags, or balloons, released from its submerged tip. The recovery team opened the hatch, tossed in the bulky Biological Isolation Garments (BIGs) and then helped the astronauts out of their spacecraft. On a rubber life raft the astronauts scrubbed down with Betadine, an iodine-based disinfectant. Hoisted by helicopter aboard the *Hornet*, the astronauts were soon settled in comfortable isolation inside a biologically "clean" van to begin 18 days of quarantine.

On to the Ocean of Storms

Although scientists are fairly certain that the moon supports no life, NASA has taken care to guard against lunar infection. During the homeward voyage, *Columbia's* environmental-control system circulated the air within the capsule more than 100 times, passing it through special filters. On earth, the precautions were equally stringent. Besides the astronauts, the only persons allowed in the Mobile Quarantine Facility (MQF) were a doctor and an engineer. During the next three days, about all that relieved the tedium was a video-tape replay of the moon walk. The most interested viewer was Collins, one of the few human beings who had not yet had a chance to see that epic.

When the *Hornet* arrived at Pearl Harbor, the van was hauled by helicopter to nearby Hickam Air Force Base, flown by an Air Force C-141 transport to Houston, then trundled on the flatbed of a diesel truck to the Space Center. There the astronauts were transferred to the \$15 million Lunar Receiving Laboratory (LRL) that was built especially for men returning from the moon. Its provisions for recreation include a lounge for cards, a game room with pool table and exercising equipment, and a film library (*Goodbye, Columbus*, *Romeo and Juliet*). But until their quarantine ends, the astronauts can speak to their wives only by telephone or through glass partitions.

If their earthly ordeal seems slightly annoying and anticlimactic, the astronauts show no signs of regret. To them, the conquest of the moon was far more than a personal triumph. "We've come to the conclusion," said Aldrin on the night before splashdown, "that this has been far more than three men on a voyage to the moon. More even than the efforts of one nation. We feel that this stands as a symbol of the insatiable curiosity of all mankind to explore the unknown." Apollo 11 has surely pointed the way for an era of exploration that may carry man to the edges of the solar system and ultimately to the stars. But for now, the moon remains a continuing challenge. Only hours after *Columbia* and her crewmen were plucked out of the Pacific, U.S. space officials announced that Apollo 12 will lift off from Cape Kennedy on November 14. Its target, the Ocean of Storms, several hundred miles northeast of Apollo 11's now-famous Tranquility Base.

CATHEDRALS IN THE SKY

WHEREVER people could read, watch or hear the news, they followed the epic journey of Apollo 11 with fascination. Most Americans were jubilant, if sometimes at a loss for words. An elderly lady awaiting a flight at Chicago's O'Hare Airport simply stood up and sang *America the Beautiful* when she learned that the moon landing had succeeded. Said Robert Hutchins, the usually articulate head of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara: "It's marvelous. What else can you say?" Author Paul Goodman, a frequent critic of U.S. institutions, wrote in the *New York Times*: "It's good to 'waste' money on such a

crime while *Eagle* was resting on the moon. Said a West Berlin police sergeant: "I wish there were moon landings every night."

Soviet leaders have never played up the race to the moon in their domestic propaganda, and there was no evidence that Russians felt the same chagrin that bothered the U.S. when Sputnik 1 led the way into space. Russian TV provided only limited and delayed coverage of Apollo's flight. But President Nikolai Podgorny wired President Nixon after the splashdown: "Please convey our congratulations and best wishes to the courageous space pilots." Peking, on the other hand, attempted to jam all



APOLLO-WATCHERS IN LONDON'S TRAFALGAR SQUARE
A world basking in the moonshine.

moral and esthetic venture. These are our cathedrals." At Atlanta's Cathedral of St. Philip, the Episcopal priest who married Buzz and Joan Aldrin prayed: "Almighty King of the universe, God of glory, bless Neil, Edwin and Michael, who have ventured into measureless space for the enrichment of knowledge for all mankind."

Around the globe, others shared America's enthusiasm. In Paris, emergency electrical generators were turned on to keep TV tubes glowing through the night. In a crowded bar on Rome's Corso di Francia, one Italian disparaged the Apollo achievement—and was cloistered in a fist-swinging, bottle-throwing brawl. In Japan, Emperor Hirohito canceled a botanical outing in the woods to watch TV. In Germany and in Uruguay, police reported a sharp drop in

five of the Voice of America broadcasts in Chinese.

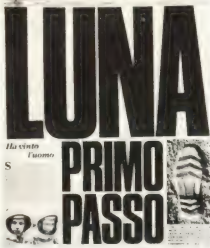
In Eastern Europe, ideology was cast aside. Russia's Luna 15 was virtually ignored, and Yugoslavia's Radio Zagreb pointedly emphasized the contrast between American candor and Soviet secrecy concerning space flights. Czechoslovakia issued special commemorative stamps, and a Hungarian television commentator talked of "amazing tasks" during the moon walk. Poles unveiled a soaring statue at the Cracow sports stadium in honor of Apollo's astronauts. Said Radio Warsaw: "Let them come back happily. Their defeat would be the defeat of all mankind."

Newspapers the world over strove to outdo one another. Never in its history had the *New York Times* used such large headline type. *New Delhi's States-*

La straordinaria
racconta
dell'impresa
alla pagina 5 e 9

Il Messaggero

Monito:
per evitare
la confusione
della
pagina 5 e 9



FRONT PAGE OF ROMAN PAPER
Special editions like confetti.

man and the Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser* put large footprints on their front pages. São Paulo's *O Estado de São Paulo* ran Astronaut Neil Armstrong's first words after stepping on the moon in nine languages. Rome's *Il Messaggero* covered three-quarters of its front page with three words: "Luna—Primo Passo."

Special editions came off presses from Taiwan to Fleet Street like confetti. Records for circulation, promotion, mass staffing, and words written were broken everywhere. At week's end the Miami *News* delivered to its readers a staggering 16-page, 33,000-word narrative describing the Apollo 11 mission. In New York, the *Times* devoted 18 pages to moon news. Even with a press run increased by 75,000, the *Times* literally disappeared from newsstands Monday morning—some copies going for upwards of \$1 on the black market. Both the New York *Post* and *Daily News* dated landing-day issues "Monday, July 21."

Almost alone in the world, the main-

land Chinese press virtually ignored the moon landing, though one Hong Kong Communist daily headlined: THE AMERICAN PEOPLE PRAY: GOD GIVE ME A PIECE OF BREAD, DON'T GIVE ME THE MOON. On the other hand, Italy's *Paese Sera*, the unofficial Communist evening paper, devoted twelve pages to Apollo and ran a complimentary picture of Richard Nixon. In Paris, even the Communist paper *L'Humanité* called the moon walk a "dream from the depths of time realized"—although it managed to keep the words United States and American off its front page.

As with any overwhelming event, the fallout was widespread and sometimes offbeat. Scores of children born last week were named "Apollo" or "Moon," "Tranquility" or "Luna." The Siam Motor Works offered scholarships from primary school through university for the Thai children born nearest the exact moments of lunar landing and splashdown. The Berlin Zoo christened three wildcat cubs born during the moon walk Neil, Buzz and Mike. For a "moon happening" in Vienna, a bakery produced a 300-lb., 6-ft. cake decorated with marzipan craters.

Bits of Franglais

Parisians complained that it took longer for them to place calls to friends in the provinces than for President Nixon to reach the astronauts on the moon. It took no time whatever, though, for new bits of Franglais to crop up, such as "Voilà la go." Trader Vic's restaurants around the U.S. and in London served a tiny American flag in every cocktail; Harold's Club in Reno offered Moonshots of vodka and apple juice served in a glass shaped like Apollo's command and service module.

Other entrepreneurs hastened to make the most of the moon shine. One Los Angeles breadmaker placed a TV commercial extolling "Helms—the bread on the moon." A New York supermarket chain ran a picture of the moon—"238,000 miles from Waldhaums"—and beneath it advertised extra-large cantaloupes at three for 89¢. A Long Island

harness-racing track accompanied a picture of an astronaut stepping off the base of an LM mockup with the advice: "Hey, finish it later—Roosevelt Raceway opens tomorrow night." TWA and Pan Am eagerly accepted a spurt of new applications for the first commercial flights to the moon; one recent booking was made by California's Governor Ronald Reagan. Medals, pennants and assorted trinkets suddenly developed a moon motif—and found hordes of eager customers.

Bitter Message

What disenchantment there was continued to come mainly from the young and the blacks. In Los Angeles, David Walzer, 13, spoke condescendingly of his elders' enthusiasm: "When they grew up, they didn't even have jet planes. It's a more amazing concept to them." Said Gary Newton, 19, a sophomore at Maine's Colby College: "The astronauts' achievement was great, but I'm sorry that our country doesn't put as much money into solving the problems of war, poverty and sickness." Outside the Manned Space Center, black demonstrators carried the bitter message: "Good luck from the hungry children of Houston."

Some complaints were more sentimental. For centuries, the Japanese have celebrated the annual Night of the Full Moon by composing haiku. In Tokyo, one poetaster objected: "Now that the poesy of it is all gone, what can one do—commit hara-kiri?" In Vietnamese legend, the moon is represented by Hang-Nga, a beautiful maiden; "Now she is no longer a virgin," a Saigon intellectual lamented. Tel Aviv's Chief Rabbi Shlomo Goren offered a 20th century amendment to a 12th century Hebrew prayer on the eve of the new moon. For 800 years, it has read: "As I dance in front of you and yet cannot touch you, so all my enemies should be unable to harm me." The rabbi suggested that the line be changed to: "As I dance in front of you and yet do not touch you."

For all the carping, San Francisco's Mayor Joseph Alioto probably spoke for everyone except the most stubborn critics of the U.S., both at home and abroad, when he composed these lines for an ecumenical service in Grace Cathedral, atop Nob Hill:

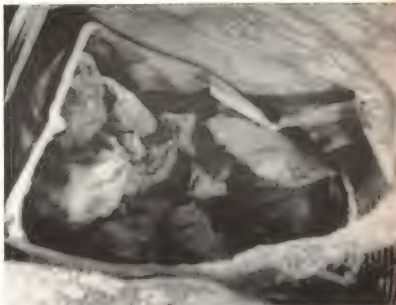
It is fitting that this nation mobilized its wealth and its technology for a lunar landing. Our nation, to remain vital, must expand the horizons of knowledge and discovery. At the same time, she must continue to expand the horizons of hope for all Americans so that each may live with dignity and justice. There are 22 million poor who don't ask for the moon; just for a decent home, a decent job, a decent school and a decent neighborhood. The moon walk is a majestic milestone of man's quest for the stars, and it is a dramatic reminder of how far we have yet to go in the heavens as well as here on earth.

CAKE FOR "MOON HAPPENING" IN VIENNA





TECHNICIAN OPENING CHEST OF SAMPLES



FIRST PHOTO OF MOON ROCKS AT HOUSTON LAB

SOME MYSTERIES SOLVED, SOME QUESTIONS RAISED

EVEN before the Apollo 11 astronauts were flown to Houston, a cargo nearly as precious was rushed to the Manned Spacecraft Center. Transported separately so that the whole shipment could not be lost in a single accident, two boxes containing some 60 lbs. of lunar soil and rocks were flown off the U.S.S. *Hornet* in two helicopters and taken to Johnston Island. From there, they were airlifted aboard two planes directly to Houston, then trucked to the Lunar Receiving Lab (LRL). The space agency gave the rocks such VIP treatment that NASA Administrator Thomas Paine, Robert Gilruth, director of the Manned Spacecraft Center, and Apollo Spacecraft Manager George Low were all on hand to welcome them.

At week's end, the first box was opened by a technician working with surgical care as his gloved hands reached into a sealed vacuum chamber, where the lunar package had been placed. While four NASA geologists looked on, he slowly drew off any gases that might have been given off by the rocks, opened the box, then removed a piece of foil that had been used to trap solar particles and two lunar core samples. Finally, he opened the plastic bag containing the rocks themselves. The scientific observers said that the 15 or so rocks—the largest was 7 in. long, 5 in. wide and 1 1/2 in. thick—seemed to be covered by a fine, graphite-like powder. Their color was gray, tinged with a touch of cocoa. "This is the beginning of the study of lunar rocks on earth," said Robin Brett, one of the geologists. "To all scientists this is a very, very exciting time."

Such a cursory examination, of

course, could not answer fundamental questions about the age, origin and composition of the moon. Those problems would have to wait for the painstaking studies that will be conducted at the LRL and by 142 "principal investigators" in the U.S. and abroad.

Long before the rocks arrived, scientists started to debate the scientific results of the lunar voyage. M.I.T. Geophysicist Frank Press wagered a case of champagne on his conviction that the moon actually has quakes. Certain that the moon specimens will show some evidence that there was once water on the moon, Dr. Persa Bell, director of NASA's Lunar Receiving Lab, bet a skeptical colleague a bottle of Scotch.

Moonquakes and Meteors

The dispute over moonquakes began when the seismometer left behind by the astronauts suddenly began acting up. The squiggly lines transmitted from the moon, Press concluded, resembled the tracing of the surface waves of a moderate-sized quake on earth. Other geologists, including U.C.L.A.'s George Kennedy, who took up Press's champagne challenge, had different ideas. The shock, they said, might have been caused by a meteorite. Another possible cause: the moon's natural "groaning" under the tug of the earth's gravity.

Behind the argument is an important issue. A quake would suggest that the moon, like the earth, has a molten interior and earthlike stratifications. These common characteristics, moreover, would strongly suggest that the earth and the moon have similar evolutionary histories. Apollo's seismometer may not have much more time to sup-

ply answers. Near week's end, as the two-week lunar day approached its hottest point (240° F.) the small instrument package seemed to be heating up and verging on a breakdown.

A second Apollo experiment also ran into difficulty. Astronomers at the McDonald Observatory near Fort Davis, Texas, the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, Calif., and the Haleakala Observatory on Maui, Hawaii, were unable to locate the lunar reflector, an arrangement of 100 prisms that they hoped would reflect laser beams from earth. The beams were to be used as a precision measuring tool that would yield, among other things, the exact distance between earth and moon, proof of whether there is really any drift between continents and accurate figures on the earth's wobble. The major reason for the trouble was apparently that earth monitors were not immediately able to plot the site of Tranquility Base accurately enough for the laser beams to hit their lunar mark.

Despite such minor hitches, scientists were in unanimous agreement on the value of the expedition. The landing site, especially, pleased geologists. "It is a very much rockier surface than we might have expected," said NASA Geology Consultant Eugene Shoemaker, who thinks that it afforded a far wider sampling of the lunar surface than would have been found at a smoother landing site. Boulders ejected from craters as far away as 600 miles might well be in the area, he added. Another unexpected dividend, said NASA Geologist Ted Foss, was that many of the rocks may have come from the large crater over which Neil Armstrong

Miracle in Sound

WITH remarkable clarity, the words reached the earth from a quarter of a million miles away in space. "Houston," the distant voice announced, "Tranquility Base here. The *Eagle* has landed." Though somewhat overlooked in the drama of the lunar landing, the intricate electronics systems that brought Neil Armstrong's voice back from the moon were almost as much of an engineering triumph as the rocketry that carried him there.

The long, electronic link with the earth started with tiny microphones carried inside the astronauts' space helmets. Their voices were fed from the

the U.S. and the world. In one of the longest roundabout routes in the history of radio, Goldstone also relayed the voices back into space where they were picked up by Mike Collins in the command ship, some 70 miles above their source on the lunar surface. The reason for the round trip of nearly half a million miles: Collins was in direct radio line with the LM for only 15 minutes during each two-hour orbit of the moon.

Precise Synchronization

The system became still more complex after the astronauts stepped out of the LM and onto the moon. No longer hooked up with the cabin, Armstrong carried in his backpack a 64-lb. unit consisting of two transmitters and three receivers. The portable outfit sent his voice back to the LM, which then rebroadcast it to the world. Once Edwin Aldrin emerged from the cabin, he picked up Armstrong's voice directly by means of a backpack receiver of his own. Aldrin's voice, in turn, was broadcast to Armstrong by a tiny FM transmitter. It was Armstrong's backpack equipment, however, that converted Aldrin's voice back to a standard AM frequency, combined it with his own signal and fed it into the lunar module, which converted it back into FM for transmission to the earth. The intricate AM-FM system linking the two astronauts was devised to save the weight of an extra receiver in the LM.

The electronic wizardry was all the more impressive because the same carrier that transmitted voice signals to earth was made to handle TV as well. Although voices went to Goldstone, NASA technicians found that another 210-ft. dish antenna in Parkes, Australia, provided the best reception for the TV signal. From Parkes the signal was relayed overland to Sydney, flashed to the Moree Earth Station 200 miles to the north, beamed up to the Intelsat communications satellite 22,300 miles above the Pacific Ocean, relayed to Jamesburg, Calif., passed by microwave ground signal and coaxial cable to Houston and finally transmitted to New York for distribution to individual television sets. In spite of the separate systems and the incredibly circuitous routes, both sight and sound arrived in precise synchronization in millions of homes around the world.

The next lunar show should be even more spectacular. The \$400,000-camera abandoned by Armstrong and Aldrin on the surface of the moon could transmit only in black and white. In the months ahead, NASA hopes to have ready a color camera capable of withstanding the extremes of lunar temperatures for the Apollo 12 flight in November.

flew *Eagle* just before it touched down. "The crater is probably 50 feet deep or so, and that's just like having samples from a hole that deep," said Foss. "The scientific return will be double or triple because of this."

The NASA geologists gave high grades to both Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin for their descriptions of the lunar rocks, many of which seemed to be basaltic, or of volcanic origin. Though Aldrin originally used the word wet to describe the lunar soil that he extracted with a core sampler, it was later explained that he had meant simply that the material tended to cling together because of the lunar vacuum.

The moon walk itself raised almost as many questions as it answered. "They had more mobility and they were able to move faster with greater ease than some of us expected," said Gilruth. "They only used about half to a third of the oxygen and water that we might have expected them to use." But why did Aldrin have so much trouble penetrating the lunar surface beyond a few inches with his core sampler? Why was he able to plant the stand for the solar wind experiment only a few feet away with such ease? Why did the blast from the LM's engine fail to carve out even a small crater?

Fears Dispelled

Beyond those problems, there are many others that have been troubling scientists ever since they began pondering the moon. Michigan Astrophysicist Ralph Baldwin, whose *The Face of the Moon* was used as a training text by the astronauts, thinks that their descriptions indicate that the Sea of Tranquility and other *maria*, or seas, may have been formed as recently as 300 million years ago. The rocks may hold the secret. More important, some of the rocks should indicate whether the moon itself is only a few hundred million years old or, like the earth, 4.5 billion years old. "There will be a definite answer," says Astronomer Gerard Kuiper of the University of Arizona, since the collection includes not only surface samples but also "rocks obviously thrown to the surface from greater depths by the impact of meteorites."

One problem has already been resolved. Given the proper life-support equipment, man can live and work on the moon. The experience of the astronauts seems to rebut the argument of such astronomers as Cornell's Tom Gold that earth visitors would sink deep into thick lunar dust, or would be coated by clinging layers of dust. It also dispels the fears of scientific Cassandra that men would not be able to withstand the bombardment of meteorites and cosmic rays. Dangers, to be sure, will be faced in future explorations of the moon. Yet NASA officials are so pleased by the lunar perambulations of Armstrong and Aldrin that they are already thinking of doubling the distance and duration of future moon walks.



TRACKING ANTENNA AT GOLDSTONE, CALIF.

mikes into a small, 3-ft.-sq. box directly behind them in the lunar module. Despite its deceptively simple appearance, the 100-lb. package was the heart of the LM's communications system. Known as a signal processor, it accepted the astronauts' voices as well as 900 other signals—telemetric data on heartbeats, for example, pressure readings in the cabin, data from the computers—and imposed them on a single "carrier" frequency of 2,282.5 megahertz. An amplifier increased the signal's power from half a watt to 20 watts, the strength of a small ham-radio transmitter. The 26-in. dish antenna, perched atop the LM, then beamed the signal to earth.

Traveling at the speed of light, the signal was picked up 1.3 sec. later by the huge radio telescope at Goldstone, Calif., which has a dish-shaped antenna 210 ft. in diameter. Next, the signal was relayed to Goddard Space Flight Center near Washington, D.C., where the message was broken down into its individual parts and routed to Mission Control in Houston. The astronauts' voices then traveled via ordinary telephone lines to radio and TV stations in New York for rebroadcast throughout



SCENE IN HOUSTON WHILE ARMSTRONG & ALDRIN WERE WALKING ON MOON

MISSION CONTROL: FIDO, GUIDO AND RETRO

"I'm like an orchestra conductor," says Christopher Columbus Kraft, flight operations director for the Apollo missions. "I don't write the music, I just make sure it comes out right." Chris Kraft's unlikely podium is the windowless Mission Operations Control Room on the third floor of Building 30 at NASA's Manned Spacecraft Center near Houston. His musicians are the 30 controllers who sit at four rows of gray computer consoles, monitoring some 1,500 constantly changing items of information registered on gauges, dials and meters. Kraft's primary instrument is a pair of IBM 360 Model 75 computers with a total capacity of 2.5 million bits of information, which enables him to harmonize the thousands of complex equations and manifold instructions that program a lunar mission.

In the Trench

Most of the relaxed, casually dressed men under Kraft's baton have degrees in engineering, mathematics or physics. Though their average age is only 32, many have been with the program since the space program's first flights began with Project Mercury in 1959. They form four teams—labeled green, white, black and maroon—that serve around the clock in overlapping eight-hour shifts.

The first row of consoles in Mission Control is known as "the trench," because it serves as the front line for the whole operation. Its four blinking consoles are managed by specialists in space dynamics; they report on booster systems, retrofire, flight dynamics and guidance—respectively known in the control room's jargon as "Booster," "Retro," "Fido" and "Guido." Working in concert, they are responsible for propellant tanks, for calculating the exact moment

of retrorocket firings, computing maneuver times and keeping track of spacecraft computers and guidance systems.

In the second row are the flight surgeon (whose shorthand designation is "Surgeon," never "Doc"), and the spacecraft communicator, or "Capcom." White dots sliding across the surgeon's console screen indicate heart and respiration rates of the astronauts. Capcom, always an astronaut himself, handles all communication with the crew, giving the men who are deep in space a direct link with one of their own. Only in emergencies does anyone else take the microphone. There were none with Apollo 11.

Behind them are the flight director and planning and operations officers. "Flight" is the captain of the team, the man who makes the crucial decisions. Head flight for Apollo 11 was Cliff Charlesworth, 37. His green team handled lift-off, translunar insertion and the moon walk, known in space jargon as "Extravehicular Activity," or EVA. Charlesworth admits he liked EVA least of all the mission's activities, "because there just wasn't much I could do." Other flight directors for Apollo 11 were Gene Kranz, 35, who wears a white vest to match his team's color; Milt Windler, 37 (maroon); and Glynn Lunney, 32, whose black team handled the lift-off from the moon and *Eagle's* rendezvous with *Columbia*.

In the back row sit Mission Control's brass, overseeing the entire mission. Alongside Kraft sits NASA's Mission Director George Hage, who has direct lines from his console to the White House, the State Department and NASA's Washington headquarters, but who rarely plays a direct role during a mission. Near by is a Department of Defense representative, whose console has

direct lines to all military forces supporting the mission, including recovery teams; for Apollo 11, Air Force Major General Vincent Huston was the Pentagon's man. During most missions, George M. Low, Apollo program manager, Dr. Robert R. Gilruth, director of the Manned Spacecraft Center, and other top officials also sit at the rear of the control room.

Hot Lines

There is far more to Mission Control, however, than the control room. For each console there is a staff support room down the hall manned by a dozen or more experts. Complete telemetry from the spacecraft is received by staff-room consoles, which funnel the most important bits to the control room and store the rest. The space program's major contractors—North American Rockwell for the command and service modules; Grumman for the lunar module—also keep staff members in nearby offices. In case of trouble with spacecraft equipment, the contractors can call major subcontractors on their own hot lines. Mission Control maintains an up-to-the-minute list of the whereabouts of some 40,000 key scientists and engineers associated with Apollo.

Beyond Houston, the communications web stretches around the earth—and above it. Key parts of the network are the huge radiotelescope dishes at Goldstone, Calif., Madrid, Spain, and Canberra, Australia, 17 ground stations, four U.S. Navy ships scattered over the seas and eight communications planes—all receiving and transmitting vital bits of data throughout the mission. No one is more aware than the astronauts themselves of how impossible a flight would be without such support.

PRIORITIES AFTER APOLLO

PRESIDENT Richard Nixon, says his friend, Astronaut Frank Borman, likes to describe himself as a space "activist." Nixon's activism will soon be tested. *Eagle* had hardly lifted off the Sea of Tranquility when the very success of Apollo 11 heightened the controversy over what role the space program should take in the future. Vice President Spiro Agnew wants the U.S. to aim at putting a man on Mars by the year 2000, and NASA already has on hand a plethora of ambitious projects that should keep it busy through 1985. Critics like Housing and Urban Development Secretary George Romney insist that it is time to slow down in space and "deal with problems on earth."

The President has appointed a four-man task force, headed by Agnew, and charged it with recommending further space goals by Sept. 1. In a nation that is ever more conscious of its finite resources, the issue could well be as politically touchy as the ABM.

The price tags under consideration are no more precise than early estimates of the cost of putting man on

the moon. NASA officials, who have always worried about being accused of underestimating costs, used to quote figures as high as \$40 billion, but the actual cost of Apollo to date has been \$24 billion. As for Mars, New Mexico Democrat Clinton Anderson, head of the Senate Space Committee, guesses that the bill for a manned mission would run from \$25 billion to \$40 billion.

Difficult to Rebuild

NASA's own package of post-Apollo programs, which includes additional lunar flights, orbital space stations and a series of unmanned planetary probes, would, by the agency's estimate, absorb between one-half of 1% and 1% of the gross national product every year for ten years. In the present \$900 billion U.S. economy, the price would range from \$4.5 billion to \$9 billion a year. Though the total would be considerably smaller than the budget for defense (now \$79 billion) or the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (now \$58 billion), it would run considerably higher than NASA's current \$3.8 billion costs.

Less easily measured are the social and technological costs of allowing the space effort to wither away. The U.S. has invested \$36 billion in space since

Sputnik, but spending has already declined from its 1966 peak of \$5.9 billion. Werner Von Braun, whose team was responsible for the Saturn boosters, argues that unless the nation embarks on another Apollo-size program, the U.S. stands to suffer a "tragic loss of a national asset." He fears that NASA's skilled engineers and scientists may be dispersed after the last of the nine remaining Apollo missions is flown in 1972. The space team has already shrunk from 400,000 in 1966 to 140,000 today, and the group might be difficult to rebuild. "To continue to attract the kinds of people that made this program possible," says George Mueller, NASA's manned-spaceflight chief, "we must have challenging and interesting and rewarding things to accomplish."

With space contracts dwindling, the aerospace industry is beginning to show signs of atrophy. Although few of the major companies involved are overwhelmingly dependent on the space program, most of them are experiencing a slump. At North American Rockwell, principal contractor for the Apollo capsule, 5,200 research and development staffers have been laid off or shifted to other projects. The Boeing Co., builder of the first-stage Saturn boosters, must soon let go part of its 10,000-man Apollo team. The impact would be most severe in towns like Huntsville, Ala., where Saturn rockets are assembled. Space

* Other members: White House Science Adviser Lee DuBridge, NASA Administrator Thomas Paine and Air Force Secretary Robert Seamans.

Spin-Offs from Space

ASIDE from its value in terms of national prestige and scientific knowledge, the U.S. space effort has yielded some important—if not always immediately measurable—benefits on earth. The most obvious fallout has been economic. At its peak in 1966, Apollo employed 400,000 people, from Long Island to Seattle. The technological impact has been less conspicuous. But in scarcely more than a decade, research has produced hundreds of what NASA calls "space technology transfers" that apply everywhere from factory to surgical ward.

New space-age sealants, developed for caulking seams in spacecraft, now plug the gaps between bathroom tiles. Latex paints, developed as a protection against ultraviolet radiation, are being applied to home walls. Filament-wound plastics enable North American Car Corp. to make railway tank cars that weigh nine tons less than cars made of steel but are just as strong.

Any catalogue of spin-offs from space is as wide-ranging as the human imagination. The luminous metallic material that helps in the docking of spacecraft in darkness may eventually free motorists from the need to fumble for their car locks at night. The need for manageable space foods has given impetus to the improvement of freeze-dried fruit, freeze-dried coffee and food concentrates.

Terrestrial Worth

No phase of earthly life has profited more than medicine. By adapting the compact electronic equipment designed to monitor the life functions of space travelers, doctors are now able to watch a wardful of seriously ill patients from afar. By modifying a meteoroid sensor, they can detect minute body tremors caused by such neurological disorders as Parkinson's disease. Another adaptation involves the so-called "sign switch," intended to be actuated by the mere movement of an astronaut's eyes so that his hands will be

free, it has already been installed in a motorized wheelchair for paraplegics. The space suits may be useful for lowering body temperature in cases of extremely high fever.

For all that, space technology is only beginning to show its terrestrial worth. Lofted into orbit high above the earth, satellites even now are relaying radio and TV signals across thousands of miles of ocean and gathering a wealth of weather information. In years ahead, they may be used to monitor crops and survey mineral resources. In metallurgy, extremely strong and anticorrosive titanium alloys have moved from the launch pad to the machinery of chemical and power plants. Several utilities are already testing chemical fuel cells of the kind that Apollo carried to the moon to determine whether they might offer an efficient, contamination-free method of generating electricity on earth.

Exciting Promise

Some critics of the space program point out that the potential of such techniques is often exaggerated. Nonetheless, many scientists are convinced that the fresh technical ideas that helped send man to the moon will ultimately make his material life far better on earth. Perhaps the most exciting promise, they say, is not in the technical achievements themselves, but in the mastery and management of the multiple skills that have produced them. Teams of specialists had to harness their disparate talents in order to make so vast an enterprise as the Apollo program succeed. A similar cooperative effort, they contend, could be equally effective in tackling more earthly problems from urban planning to pollution. To be sure, the vagaries of human emotions are far more unpredictable than even the variables involved in a moon mission. Just defining the problems is a more challenging task than spelling out the challenges of spaceflight. For all that, the systems-analysis approach could prove of immeasurable value in the years to come.



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has changed the onetime "Watercrisp Capital of the World" from a town of 16,000 to a lively city of 160,000, but now Huntsville grimly awaits layoffs at NASA's Marshall Space Center.

Concern about the future of the space program could well provoke a useful debate over the nation's priorities. The severest critics of space tend to cast the issue in terms of a hard choice between space and social tasks. Jerome Wiesner, John Kennedy's scientific adviser, says typically that "it would be a mistake to commit \$100 billion to a manned Mars landing when we have problems getting from Boston to New York City."

Revise and Reverse

It is probably unfair to lay the issue out along such sharp either/or lines. All that most Americans contributed to Apollo was enthusiasm and taxes. Rebuilding the cities, attacking poverty and scrubbing the air and water, demand unflagging personal commitment by almost everyone. Such efforts call for an unprecedented exercise in social engineering. They would require the development of new and ingenious management techniques; their expenditure of money and manpower would dwarf the cost of the technical teamwork that put men on the moon.

Romney, who has seen his ten-year program to build 26 million houses mired in budget shortages, argues that "we should revise and reverse our priorities." But he does not deny Agnew's man-on-Mars proposal a place among them. To do so would be to subscribe to the notion that "if you've seen one celestial body, you've seen them all."



CONCEPTION OF FLYING, CRAWLING VEHICLE FOR LUNAR EXPLORATION

GROUND RULES FOR THE MOON

WHERE men go, arguments follow. Now that man has taken the first small steps toward exploring and exploiting extraterrestrial bodies, he must face up to an important question: What laws will govern his conduct in space?

Legal experts have theorized about the problems of space exploration since well before the first Sputnik was launched in 1957, though their speculations were largely limited to questions of national sovereignty. After a United Nations committee studied the problem, the General Assembly adopted a resolution in 1961 affirming that the U.N. Charter applied to outer space and that celestial bodies were open to exploration by all states.

No Code

At present, the moon's legal status is determined by a 1967 U.N. treaty on outer space that has been signed by 92 nations, including the U.S. and the Soviet Union. Communist China, North Viet Nam and North Korea, none of them U.N. members, have not signed the treaty. The treaty provides that the moon cannot be claimed by any country, that lunar military bases may not be established, and that visitors from the earth are to be considered "envoys of mankind." The U.S. observed each of these provisions last week. Though Neil Armstrong planted his nation's flag on the moon, the gesture was more ceremonial than a claim of sovereignty. Adhering to a treaty requirement that the moon be used "exclusively for peaceful purposes," the astronauts pointedly avoided carrying any weapons. The plaque that was fixed to *Eagle's* descent stage bore the words "We came in peace for all mankind."

The U.N. treaty is not a detailed code, however, and its provisions are

necessarily general. Article XII says that all stations on the moon must remain open to inspection by other states on a reciprocal basis. This might mean that if Russia's Luna 15 had landed with cosmonauts aboard, they would have had the right to look over *Eagle*. On the other hand, the U.S. could have refused entry by citing the treaty's provision that such inspection must be requested in advance, and must not interfere with normal space operations.

Similarly, the U.S. can probably maintain exclusive use of Tranquility Base, even though such an act might seem the equivalent of appropriating part of the moon. NASA could claim that admitting any other nation's spacemen might interfere with scientific investigation. The "appropriation" of 60 lbs. of moon rocks is also legitimate under the treaty, a point not likely to be contested in view of the fact that the U.S. will share the information it gleams from the samples with scientists of all nations. But the U.S. is prohibited from making a profit on the rocks. If commercial mining of the moon's resources becomes feasible some day, it would probably have to be done under international license and regulation.

Earthly Analogies

Other, more detailed space treaties are currently being developed in Geneva by the U.N.'s outer space legal subcommittee, and a number of earthly analogies may be used for guidance. One such treaty now under discussion deals with the thorny issue of responsibility when there are accidents involving spacecraft or when objects from space plunge to earth. To settle any claims that might arise, lawyers probably will look to the precedents offered by existing aviation law. They may also



ARTIST'S VISION OF MARTIANS

One is not all.

turn to even older legal guidelines. The laws of the high seas, for example, call for freedom of navigation even while they allow nations to exploit specific areas for commercial, scientific, and—in the case of nuclear tests—military purposes. Maritime laws generally use "reasonableness" as the criterion for how much benefit one nation may derive from the sea—a standard that will probably apply when the question arises of how big a slice of the moon the U.S. can claim for scientific use. Spacefaring nations may also turn to Antarctica for legal precedents. There, all states involved in exploration have ruled out territorial claims and military bases, and agreed to permit mutual inspection of their installations.

A major problem with space law is

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POOL PARTY

Astronomical noise level.

who will be its judge. Some space lawyers believe that eventual disputes over the moon will most likely be resolved through direct negotiations between the states concerned. This will almost certainly be the case for such vital questions as lunar communications and traffic control of spacecraft. Other matters like civil claims and emigration could be turned over to a special court created for the purpose, or to the International Court of Justice in The Hague. Contesting parties must agree to accept such a court's jurisdiction, however, and that has proved difficult in the past. For the foreseeable future, it is likely that only the two space powers, the U.S. and the Soviet Union, will be capable of enforcing lunar laws.

THE WETTEST SPLASHDOWN

THEY were joyful. They were uninhibited. They were grandly, gloriously drunk. They were puffing cigars, hugging girls, waving miniature American flags, and pushing each other—fully clothed—into pools. The kissing never stopped. The noise level was astronomical. And so it should have been: the NASA communities of Houston, Huntsville and Cocoa Beach had sent three men to the moon and back. The revelry at splashdown time was fittingly feverish.

At the Nassau Bay motel, across the street from Houston's Manned Spacecraft Center, NASA engineers, secretaries and technicians gathered around the large pool to feast on barbecued chicken and beef and corn on the cob. Before the sun was down the celebrants numbered close to 3,000, and one of them—a shapely blonde—had been heaved into the pool. A man in a business suit dived after her. Another dived after him. A bikini-clad go-go dancer go-goed it on the diving board (to the low-down accompaniment of a group called "The Astronauts"), while leering spectators grabbed for her, missed, and tumbled into the drink. By dawn, the only thing that moved was the attendant with the heavy-duty vacuum cleaner that was slowly sucking up the mess around the poolside.

Eight Good Men

The big seller at the bar at the Houston Press Club was a little something called "The Moonshot" (two ounces of cognac, three ounces of orange juice, and three ounces of champagne). The concoction was so mesmerizing that many hours later one flight controller was still muttering, to anyone still around to listen, "Don't forget that behind me there were eight other good men the public never saw. Just remember, that behind me were eight . . ."

While the rank-and-file celebrated at bars close to the Spacecraft Center, the nabobs of the space industry were rubbing elbows some 35 miles away at Houston's swank Marriott Motor Hotel. There, 25 Apollo contractors kicked in a cool \$20,000 for a more sedate bash featuring *pâté de foie gras* canapés, massive ice carvings (the handsome, irrelevant figures of an antelope, a pumpkin and two dolphins) atop the serving tables, and an all-star guest list of 2,000, including Dr. Robert R. Gilruth, director of the center, was there, as were Christopher Columbus Kraft and 23 of the 48 active astronauts. Said one guest, as astronaut Rusty Schweickart walked by: "I don't know who he is, but he's one of them." Jan Armstrong, Pat Collins and Joan Aldrin formed a short-lived receiving line. Mrs. Armstrong taking the honors in a white lace dress and orchid corsage.

Meanwhile, in Huntsville, Ala., site of NASA's Marshall Space Flight Center, the moment of splashdown set off

a screaming cacophony of sirens and church bells. With the town at a total standstill for two hours, there was time for a crowd of 8,000 to gather at the courthouse square to greet Rocket Engineer Werner Von Braun. Von Braun was hoisted off his feet by the sheriff and three city councilmen and carried through the cheering crowd—an experience, he said, that "must have been as thrilling as riding one of our Saturn 5s into space."

At Cape Kennedy, technicians stayed at their jobs, readying Apollo 12 for its November flight, and did not start their partying until the day's work was done.

They poured into nightclubs and bars, waving flags, singing chorus upon chorus of *God Bless America*, and toast-

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IN THE DRINK
Most earthly revelry.

ing the moon shot with potent concoctions called "Armstrong Benders" and "Lunar Cocktails."

Despite the wild enthusiasm, there was little harm done at any of the splashdown brawls. Drunken geologists in Houston paraded around with a decorative boulder they had taken from a motel courtyard, explaining that it was a moon rock. A few barefoot guests at the Nassau Bay motel poolside picked up splinters from broken glasses and bottles. And the four-man police force of the city of Webster (adjacent to the Manned Spacecraft Center) gently arrested a dozen happy drunks. The county sheriff's officers, however, seemed unable to find any wrongdoers. "This was a proud crowd," explained Captain Gus George, of the sheriff's office. "You with me?"

THE WORLD

MIDDLE EAST: MOUNTING VIOLENCE

THE Six-Day War has not ended." Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser said last week. "The Two-, Three- or even Four-Year War is still continuing. We are at war with Israel." With those belligerent words, spoken in a week that saw ground and air action along the Suez Canal reach new intensity, Nasser effectively scrapped the U.N. Security Council cease-fire of 1967. Had the point of all-out war been reached? Not quite. Despite all the shooting—and the shouting—casualties were minimal in comparison with those suffered during the June 1967 hostilities. But the prospects for peace remained dim. All the efforts of the peacemakers, including the U.N. and the Big Four (the United States, the U.S.S.R., Britain and France), produced little progress. Neither Israel nor Egypt, the major antagonists, displayed any interest in compromise. On the contrary, both were intent on expanding the scale of their attacks. The pattern was clear: strike and counterstrike, with each major blow more vicious than the last.

Wrecking Process. The latest round began near the southern entrance to the Suez Canal at a fortified Egyptian rock named Green Island. Within the fort's 25-ft.-high stone walls were radar-controlled antiaircraft batteries, mortars and machine guns manned by 70-odd Egyptian troops; at its tip was a radar tower. It had long been a thorn to the Israelis, and late one night 40 or more Israeli naval commandos set off on the two-mile trip to the island. Silently, they scaled the walls, killed the sentries and then, after a brief but vicious fire-fight that cost at least six Israeli dead, blew up all the artillery and fire-control installations within the fortress. Shortly after they withdrew, Egyptians on the far shore opened a two-hour artillery barrage on the island, evidently acting in the belief that the Israelis meant to hold the fortress for some time to come—and effectively completed the wrecking process.

By dawn, heavy artillery was roaring all along the Suez, and early that afternoon Israeli fighter-bombers thundered across the canal to attack antiaircraft batteries and several SAM missile sites. For three hours, the Israeli planes had the skies to themselves. Then, at dusk, Egyptian MIGs and Sukhoi-7 fighter-bombers raked Israeli military installations along the canal and swooped some 60 miles into Israeli-held Sinai, in their deepest penetration since 1967. In the dogfights that developed, Israel claimed five Egyptian jets downed—and, for the first time since 1967, admitted losing a plane to enemy air action (Cairo's ever-optimistic government spokesmen enthusiastically claimed that 19

Israeli jets had been knocked down).

Four days later, another air battle erupted over the Suez, and the day's claimed casualties were still heavier. The action began when Israeli craft took to the air to hit at Egyptian artillery. At first, they were unopposed, but Egypt later scrambled half a dozen MIGs. Dogfights flared along the length of the canal. That afternoon, Egypt hit back on a larger scale. More than 40 Egyptian aircraft went after Israeli installations. The Israelis responded with fighters and Hawk antiaircraft missiles, and the battle was on. Late in the day, the opposing propagandists entered the fray. According to Egypt, six Israeli planes were downed and one Egyptian plane was lost. The Israelis, citing photographic proof, said that seven Egyptian jets were downed and two more damaged, and admitted no losses. Over the next two days, when Israeli jets again lashed at Egyptian positions along the canal, Egyptian aircraft made only one attempt to intercept them.

In Cairo, as Egyptians last week celebrated the 17th anniversary of the overthrow of King Farouk and the establishment of the republic, Nasser told the congress of the ruling Arab Socialist Union: "We now begin the stage of liberation. We shall fight for the restoration of our land, not only Egyptian lands but all Arab lands." Calling for a war of attrition, he warned that "we are now engaged in a long battle to drain the enemy's strength." In an attempt to create more Arab cooperation against Israel, he called for a new Arab summit conference, noting that "conditions now are very different from what they were when we last met in Khartoum in August 1967." Nasser paid specific tribute to one of those "changed conditions": he hailed the Palestinian resistance movement as "an almost unbelievable phenomenon" and pledged that "we will continue to give all we can to the commandos."

Booby-Trapped Melons. The commandos were busy last week behind Israeli lines. In Hebron, a grenade was tossed into a truckload of sightseers. A bomb hidden in a paint can went off in Tel Aviv. A synagogue was blown up in Kfar Saba. In a Haifa market, a 17-year-old youth tugged at an odd-looking object embedded in a watermelon and triggered an explosion; police found several more booby-trapped melons near by. In all, terrorist action killed one and wounded 13. Against this background of violence, Israeli Prime Minister Golda Meir called for adherence to the cease-fire resolution, adding grimly that "I must point out to Egypt, Jordan and Syria that we do not speak out of weakness."



NASSER AT CAIRO RALLY



COMMUNISTS

Roses for the West Germans

All day long a light mist fell on Warsaw, forcing a cancellation of a flyover by Polish air force jet fighters. The bad weather did not, however, inhibit the inevitable big parade. Down the broad Marzalkowska Street rumbled row after row of Soviet-made T-54 and T-55 tanks, followed by self-propelled artillery and mobile missiles. Next came squads of young Polish athletes marching in tight formations that spelled the Roman numerals XXV. The occasion was the 25th anniversary of the establishment of Poland's Communist government.

On the reviewing stand stood Party Leader Wladyslaw Gomulka, who in July 1944 as chief of the Communist re-

was presumably suffering from a case of diplomatic indigestion. Both the Poles and Soviets have been sweet-talking the West Germans of late, an activity as unlikely as it is an anathema to Ulbricht.

In an unprecedented overture, Gomulka has held out the promise of better relations with West Germany in return for Bonn's acceptance of the present Oder-Neisse line as Germany's permanent eastern border. Ulbricht is understandably outraged, since he argues that his German state alone has the right to negotiate about German boundaries in the East. Ulbricht undoubtedly fears that the Poles may be willing to sell him out in order to seek trade and an easing of tensions with the larger, more prosperous half of Germany.

The Poles, as usual, are only fol-

erate with a government of Socialists and Free Democrats to reduce political tensions in Europe. The implication, of course, is that Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger's Christian Democrats, who have ruled the Federal Republic alone or in coalition since its founding in 1949, are blocking progress along that line.

The Soviet endorsement may, in fact, hurt the Free Democrats and the Socialists far more than it helps them, but that is a gamble the Russians are willing to take. They are presently embarked on a bold all-fronts diplomatic effort. At the June Communist summit in Moscow, Brezhnev proposed the establishment of a mutual defense system in Asia that sounded like a Soviet Far Eastern version of NATO. "Something picked up from John Foster Dulles' garbage heap," sneered the Chinese, the obvious object of Russia's fence building. Though the Soviet plan remains vague, *Izvestia* last week supplied a couple of details. The Soviet Union would be a member of the pact, and the alliance's aim would be to safeguard present borders throughout Asia.

Soviet Concern. The Soviets seem to have placed top priority on improved relations with the U.S. At the Warsaw meeting, Brezhnev undoubtedly exchanged some dark thoughts with the other leaders about Rumania's independent-minded Nicolae Ceausescu, who during the weekend will play host to President Nixon in Bucharest. Even so, the Soviets seem determined to avoid any outward sign of displeasure that might disturb U.S.-Soviet relations and delay the start of arms-control talks.

By the same token, the Soviets are nervous about Czechoslovakia. A fresh outburst of anti-Soviet demonstrations could trigger another round of direct Soviet military intervention. That, in turn, would be most likely to cause the U.S. to back away from negotiations. Seeking to reassure his Soviet overlords, Gustav Husak reportedly told Brezhnev in Warsaw that his government was prepared to use all necessary measures to keep his people under control. His assurance applies especially to Aug. 21—the first anniversary of the Soviet invasion.

SPAIN

Back to the Borbons

"Conscious of my responsibility before God and history and taking into account the qualities to be found in the person of Prince Juan Carlos of Borbon, who has been perfectly trained to take up the high mission to which he might be called, I have decided to propose him to the nation as my successor." Thus Generalissimo Francisco Franco, who has ruled Spain for the past 32 years, presented his chosen successor to the Cortes, Spain's tame Parliament. In a roll-call vote, the Cortes overwhelmingly and obediently endorsed Franco's choice.

The next morning a delegation from the Cortes drove to the Prince's palace



SOVIET-MADE TANKS IN WARSAW PARADE
Indigestion from too many sweets.

sistance movement in Poland helped establish the fledgling Soviet-backed regime and later, because of an ideological dispute with Stalin, was jailed for five years. As part of the festivities, Gomulka invited only fellow leaders who share his tough orthodox beliefs in the need for discipline and Communist unity as well as common borders with Poland. Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev showed up; so did Czechoslovakia's Party First Secretary Gustav Husak, who last April replaced Reformer Alexander Dubcek. But absent was the most inflexible hard-liner of them all: East German Party Boss Walter Ulbricht. Pleading illness, Ulbricht stayed home and sent Premier Willi Stoph in his place.

Since Ulbricht had looked hale at an East German Politburo meeting only a few days earlier, the old Stalinist

lowing Moscow's lead. Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin last week received the West German ambassador in Moscow for the first time in more than a year. Kosygin also had a long and friendly talk in the Kremlin with an important political visitor from West Germany. He was Walter Scheel, the leader of the third-phase Free Democratic Party. As West Germany's new President, Gustav Heinemann, a Social Democrat, celebrated his 70th birthday, there were among the presents he received 50 red roses. The sender: the Soviet ambassador to Bonn, Semyon Tsarapkin.

By showing their approval of politicians like Heinemann and Scheel, who both advocate a flexible approach toward the East bloc, the Soviets hope to influence the results of next month's national elections in West Germany. They are, in effect, suggesting that they would coop-

They're poking around in the Mesozoic Age.



Out beyond the Louisiana bayous, "roughnecks" commute by helicopter to drilling rigs on stilts. They work seven days on and seven days off, exploring miles into the Earth's crust for a new field of oil.

Despite advances in geophysics, wildcatting still has the excitement of anticipating a big discovery.

According to experts, 85 percent of known oil in the world has formed in the last 200 million years (the Mesozoic through Holocene Ages). That's a long

time, yet it's actually only five percent of the estimated time since life began.

Through five miles of rock

Offshore rigs like this one (Penrod No. 53) operate in water up to 300 feet deep, with drilling capacity to cut through 30,000 feet of rock. Sinking a well that deep takes more than a lot of pipe. Part of the operation involves a cement-like mixture called drilling mud which is fed down the hole to become the wall of the well.

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outside Madrid to inform him officially that he would succeed Franco as Chief of State when the Caudillo, now 76, steps down or dies. Later the same day, Juan Carlos, whose new official title is Prince of Spain, drove to the Cortes for the investiture. Kneeling at Franco's left, the Prince swore his loyalty "to his Excellency the Chief of State and fidelity to the principles of the National Movement, and the fundamental laws of the Kingdom."

New Dynasty. Then the Prince of Spain made a five-minute speech that raised some doubts about whether he is really as tame and tractable as he is supposed to be. After declaring his sympathy for Spain's rebellious youth, the Prince declared that "the cult of the past must not be a brake on the evolution of a society that is changing with dizzying rapidity." Despite the obvious allusion to a need for reform and accommodation in Spain's archaic social structure, Franco smiled at the Prince throughout the speech.

Franco insists that selection of Juan Carlos, whose ancestors ruled Spain for 231 years before his grandfather fled the throne in 1931, does not represent a restoration of the old dynasty. On the contrary, he argues, Juan Carlos represents the start of a new dynasty that owes nothing to the past. From a legal standpoint, Franco's ploy blocks the claims of Juan Carlos' father Don Juan, (who now lives in Portugal) and those of other pretenders to the throne, since Franco has not restored the old line but started a new one, whose first-born sons will from now on become the Kings of Spain.

Father's Title. Until this year, Juan Carlos vowed that the throne belonged to his father. "I will never be King as long as my father is alive," he pledged repeatedly. Why did he change his mind? Ambition? His friends doubt it. More likely, Juan Carlos became convinced that only Franco could put a King back on Spain's throne; the Prince feared that after Franco's death anti-monarchists in the government would block any such move. Since he knew that his father would never make a deal with Franco, who is in only moderately good health, Juan Carlos decided to go ahead and secure the throne for a Borbón before it was too late. When he is formally crowned, perhaps by Franco, Juan Carlos will take the title that his father intended to use: King Juan III of Spain.

Despite their prejudice against Kings, the anti-monarchists in Franco's ranks rallied to his proposal because they understand that the regime may need a monarchy in order to survive after his death. Franco's followers fear that Spain, without some institution to maintain continuity, might erupt in civil strife that would sweep them out of power. Behind the figure of a Franco-appointed King, they hope they will be able to carry on Franco's policies even after the Caudillo is gone.

The Chosen Prince

FRANCO's choice for the future King of Spain seems a storybook prince. Wavy-haired, tall (6 ft. 3 in.) and athletically built at 200 lbs., he is married to a beautiful princess who has borne him three handsome children. Through his veins courses the bluest of Europe's noble blood. He is the grandson of Alfonso XIII, Spain's last ruling king, the great-great-grandson of Queen Victoria, and a direct descendant of Louis XVI, France's last Bourbon monarch.

Yet last week, when Prince Juan Carlos Victor Maria de Borbón y Borbón was chosen to ascend the long-vacant Spanish throne—some day—there was no dancing in the streets of Madrid or other outbursts of public joy. The rea-

yachtsman, an accomplished horseman and a black-belt karate expert, He is fluent in five languages (Spanish, French, English, Italian and Portuguese) and conversant in Greek and German.

Even today, the Prince's life is built around his preparations for kingship. The government pays his living expenses, estimated at \$43,000 a year, and provides him the elegant 20-room Zarzuela Palace. There he lives with his wife, Princess Sophia of Greece, whom he married in 1962, and their children, Elena, 5, Cristina, 4, and Felipe, 13.

Each weekday morning after breakfast, the Prince spends two hours in briefing sessions with ranking govern-



FRANCO & JUAN CARLOS WITH SPECIAL USHER IN THE CORTES

sons for such restraint are largely beyond Juan Carlos' control and relate to Spain's strained domestic political scene, but it is nonetheless true that the Prince so far has failed to either excite a feeling of loyalty among his future subjects or emerge as a convincing, sympathetic human being. Asked by reporters what qualities he most admired in the Prince, a member of the Cortes replied: "I admire his simplicity and his exquisite prudence."

His uninspiring image is especially ironic because the Prince has been groomed since childhood for the throne. Born in Roman exile during the Spanish Civil War, Juan Carlos first went to Spain in 1948 because of an agreement made between his father, Don Juan, and Franco that called for the young Prince to be educated in Spain. Under Franco's personal supervision, Juan Carlos underwent intensive schooling in military and political arts. He holds the ranks of captain in the army and air force and the equivalent grade of full lieutenant in the navy. He is a jet-fighter and helicopter pilot, an Olympic

ment expert. Economics is the subject on Monday, church matters and foreign policy on Tuesday, labor and industry on Wednesday, cultural affairs on Thursday, and military and scientific topics on Friday. In the afternoon, he drives his black Mercedes 220 sedan into Madrid for working visits to various ministries. In addition, Juan Carlos spends four or five days a month on trips to factories and construction sites throughout Spain.

Many in Madrid disparage the Prince's intelligence, suggesting that he lacks any original ideas. That may be an overly harsh judgment: the Prince has had little choice but to adapt to Franco's concepts if he wants to remain in the Caudillo's favor. Still, after 20 years of continuous tutelage, Juan Carlos does sometimes give the appearance of being a sort of programmed apprentice monarch. A recent visitor asked the Prince if he read foreign publications to keep up with international affairs. "Why, no," replied the Prince, with a note of surprise. "That's what my advisers are for—to keep me informed about what is going on."

BRITAIN

Goodbye to All That

In the heyday of empire, British representation abroad often consisted of a well-connected royal appointee ruling one of the crown's dozens of far-flung colonies in style. Throughout the tropics of Asia and Africa, governors-general sweated through noontime heat in white-plumed hats and braided uniforms, lived in white palaces called Government House and spent much of their time hobnobbing with maharajahs, sheiks and local princelings.

With the fading of empire came a new kind of presence, dominated by the Commonwealth Office and Britain's elite, 154-year-old diplomatic corps. The corps' own style, always rigid and decorous, has relaxed somewhat in recent years, allowing ambassadors to shed their uniforms and correspond with London in cables rather than in formal script. But its expense has not. Last year diplomacy cost Britain nearly a quarter of a billion dollars—a style that the purse-pinched government in London can no longer afford.

Whither Barataria. At the government's request, a three-member committee, headed by Sir Val Duncan, chairman of Rio Tinto-Zinc Corporation Ltd., has been studying British representation abroad for a year. Their report, just released, may upend yet another British institution. Comparing Britain to "a man who decides that his requirements no longer justify the upkeep of a Rolls-Royce," the committee recommended "a significant reduction" in the size of the diplomatic service, a 50% slash in the size of overseas information departments, and a one-third cut in the number of armed-service attachés. Moreover, said the committee, the "balance of the workload" should be precisely the duties that career foreign service men have traditionally shunned as undignified: the "commercial objective"

of drumming up overseas orders for British goods.

To carry out its recommendations, the Duncan report suggested that the foreign service divide its operation into two spheres: the "area of concentration" and a second-class "outer area." The first consists of major countries of Western Europe and North America—plus a few others, like Japan and Australia—that are "advanced industrial countries with which we are likely to be increasingly involved." In these, the committee recommended, the foreign service should continue a full range of activity. In the "outer area"—meaning most of the rest of the world—its report could find no justification for large information missions or for detailed political reporting other than "an occasional forward-looking assessment of a general 'whither Barataria' nature." Should the committee's recommendations be accepted, most of the former colonies that imperial viceroys once bestrode will become threadbare outposts of salesmanship diplomacy.

God Bless. No one has yet taken any action on the Duncan report. The only official response came from Foreign and Commonwealth Secretary Michael Stewart, who spoke in the best tradition of diplomatic vagueness about it before the House of Commons. The report, he said, was "far-ranging" and drew "important conclusions," but the government would give no endorsement before contemplating it further. It was, nonetheless, a topic of some interest to British diplomats—and a few seemed to get the message instantly. Last week, Sir Evelyn Shuckburgh, Her Majesty's Ambassador at Rome, pulled up in the embassy Rolls (his requirements apparently still justify one) at a ceremony on the fashionable Via Veneto to mark the opening of Italy's first Wimpy Bar—a British-owned hamburger chain. Intoned Sir Evelyn: "God bless this bar and all who frequent it."



NJOROGE (CENTER FOREGROUND) AT MEETING
The name alone told plenty.

KENYA

A Kikuyu Suspect

The slight, light-skinned young Kenyan was hustled into the magistrate's courtroom by a squad of Nairobi cops. The proceedings against him lasted barely ten minutes, and within the hour the prisoner was locked inside a heavily guarded cell in prison. Only then did police announce last week that they had placed charges against the suspected killer of Tom Mboya, the pro-Western Minister for Economic Planning and Development who was gunned down outside a Nairobi pharmacy last month.

In accordance with Kenyan law, authorities, pending the trial, would give no information about their suspect beyond his name: Nahashon Isaac Njenga Njoroge. That was plenty. Two of his names identified him as a member of the dominant Kikuyu tribe. Mboya's Luo tribal brothers suspected from the first that his killer belonged to the Kikuyu, traditional foes of the less powerful Luo. Thus new tribal disturbances are likely to erupt when Njoroge goes on trial this week. The plot is complicated by the fact that Mboya, though a Luo, was also a national leader of the Kenya African National Union (KANU), the Kikuyu-controlled ruling party. Hence it was startling that Njoroge turned out to have been an active, though minor figure in KANU. It seemed probable that Mboya's assassination was a political act motivated by a power struggle inside his party.

KANU had recently been dealt a reeling blow in a parliamentary by-election for a vacant seat in the Luo constitu-



"YOU'VE FORGOTTEN YOUR BICYCLE CLIPS, DEAR"

ucency of Gem. Though Gem had been carried handsomely by KANU in the previous election, the district in May gave a lopsided victory to the candidate of the Kenya People's Union, the opposition party headed by an emotional Luo leftist, Oginga Odinga. Realizing that many Luo tribesmen had come under Odinga's sway, President Jomo Kenyatta asked Mboya to undertake an emergency reorganization of KANU before national elections, which must be held before next June. Mboya, a member of Kenyatta's Cabinet and a possible, if not likely successor, was hard at work when he was shot.

Njoroge, a onetime waiter and watch repairman, is a delegate from KANU's Nairobi branch and an errand boy for some Nairobi politicians. Mboya's task in the final months of his life was to find new candidates for the party and unseat its more corrupt elements; his mandate and his actions threatened some of KANU's old hands. Whether one of them asked Njoroge to pull the trigger or whether the assassin acted alone may well prove to be the crucial question of the trial.

LAOS

Breaking the Rules

When the Geneva accords established Laotian neutrality seven years ago, hope flickered briefly that they would also bring an end to fighting between Communist and non-Communist forces and take the kingdom out of the cold war. No such thing happened, of course: the treaty-stipulated tripartite regime, composed of rightist, neutralist and leftist factions, collapsed in short order. Laos' Communists, the Pathet Lao, walked out of the government; the fighting resumed, and has been going on in desultory if often deadly fashion ever since.

Through the years, however, both sides observed certain tacit rules. The Pathet Lao, backed by seasoned North Vietnamese regulars, did not challenge the government's hold on the Mekong Valley, where two-thirds of Laos' 3,000,000 people live. The U.S.-backed government of neutralist Premier Prince Souvanna Phouma permitted American bombing of the Ho Chi Minh Trail in eastern Laos, but allowed no major allied ground forays. Warfare Laotian-style also developed seasonal cycles. The Communists struck during the dry season, phasing their offensives out just before the rains came. The government, because of greater air mobility, usually managed to regain during the rainy season what it had lost in the dry months.

Communist Gains. Now, however, the game is no longer being played by the old rules. This year, the Communists have so successfully carried their annual offensive into the rainy season that Souvanna Phouma last week asked the French government to help "put a stop" to what he described as "invasion" by North Viet Nam. In Washington, the

U.S. announced that it, too, was perturbed over recent Communist gains.

The trouble centers on Muong Soui, an important garrison on the northwestern edge of the strategic Plain of Jars. It straddles vital Route 7, the only good east-west highway in Laos, and controls the gateway to the Upper Mekong as well as access to Route 13, which links the royal capital of Luang Prabang with the administrative capital of Vientiane. Before this year's Communist spring offensive, it was one of three major government outposts in Communist-controlled northeastern Laos. Then, last April, Communist forces began moving on Muong Soui. To relieve the pressure on the garrison, government troops under General Vang Pao, a seasoned guerrilla leader, mounted a daring diversion: backed by U.S. jets and Laotian T-28 fighter-bombers, they struck deep into Pathet Lao territory, capturing the Communist "capital" of Xieng Khouang, less than 50 miles from the North Vietnamese border. It was a short-lived victory. Vang Pao's men held on for less than a month before they were ousted from the bombed-out town. But their bold sally appeared to have bought enough time for Muong Soui: with the rains about to come, the garrison seemed safe for at least another year.

This time, however, the old seasonal formula no longer worked. Despite the rains and monsoon-swept lines of communication, seven North Vietnamese battalions, backed by ten Soviet-built light tanks, fell on Muong Soui in late June, catching the garrison completely off guard. U.S. airpower was not enough to stop the Communists. For a while, the government's defenders held onto a new position on Route 7, but were pushed out again after losing all of their big guns. Five days after the battle began, the Laotians evacuated Muong Soui. Later efforts to retake it failed.

Last week the Pathet Lao and the North Vietnamese were deeply dug in, and Communist trucks shuffled in daily to keep the troops well supplied.

No Hasty Return. The Muong Soui setback, combined with smaller Communist strikes at other government outposts, caused a crisis in Vientiane, 110 miles to the south. Although neither Vientiane nor Luang Prabang was endangered by the Communist thrust, some right-wing Laotian politicians called for direct U.S. intervention. Souvanna Phouma, vacationing in France, at one point considered flying home but later decided against it—perhaps because a hasty return would have made the situation look even worse. When the U.S. State Department charged that North Viet Nam had "aggressive designs" on Laos, Hanoi immediately counter-charged that the U.S. was keeping 12,000 troops in the country. Not so, said Souvanna. There were only North Vietnamese "imperialists" in Laos, and they were there to "colonize and expand." U.S. intelligence estimates that North Viet Nam had more than 40,000 troops in Laos, mostly in the eastern portion where they guard the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

There are probably two reasons behind this year's intensified Communist drive against the Laotians. One is related to Hanoi's overall South Viet Nam strategy: easing military activity in the South but applying fresh pressures elsewhere. A second objective may well be to strengthen the bargaining position of their Pathet Lao allies in eventual negotiations with Souvanna Phouma. Both the Pathet Lao and the Vientiane government have all along maintained that they want to return to a tripartite government. Such a reconciliation could come after the war in Viet Nam draws to a close. It is probably with that in mind that the Communists are now pressing their offensive.

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD



PATHET LAO TROOPS STUDYING MAP
Deadly shift in the seasonal cycle.

PEOPLE

"The Pied Piper of physical fitness" is how he styles himself, but the man of Hamelin could never hold a flute to the Rev. Bob Richards. At 43, the former Olympic pole-vault champ and Wheaties pitchman is jogging and biking 3,000 miles across the U.S. in a one-man campaign "to get Americans off their duffs," as he puts it, and impress upon them the need for health-giving exercise. Last week, having already swum the turbulent Colorado River and trotted across the Rocky Mountains, he was in Indiana, heading relentlessly eastward toward New York. "At every stop," says he, "I talk about America—about strength, courage, challenge, clean living, faith, the American dream."

A western to end all westerns, the film has George Armstrong Custer, Wild Bill Hickok and Buffalo Bill among its characters. But they all seem tame compared with the types portrayed by **Dustin Hoffman**, **Martin Balsam** and **Faye Dunaway**. In *Little Big Man*, from Thomas Berger's picaresque novel, Dustin plays the hero, Jack Crabb, who survives every imaginable peril until the age of 121, which ought to put the make-up men on their mettle. The putty looms large in Balsam's role as well: he plays a sly con artist whose enraged victims relieve him at various times of a hand, an ear, an eye, a leg and his scalp. And Faye? No makeup required. In her role as a gospel-spouting nymphomaniac, she performs in several stages of undress—once on the floor and once on a bed, where Hoffman pours gold coins on her belly.



HOFFMAN & DUNAWAY
One to end them all.



JACQUELINE SUSANN
Challenge in the chat.

Novelist **Jacqueline (The Love Machine) Susann** was propped up in bed in her Manhattan apartment sleepily watching Johnny Carson chat with Author **Truman (In Cold Blood) Capote** on the *Tonight Show*. Suddenly she realized that they were talking about her. "A truck driver in drag," Capote was saying. "A horn transvestite" who wears "marvelous wigs and sleazy dresses," he continued, "would have been so great" as **Myra Breckinridge**. Before the angry authoress was out of bed next morning, she had lawyers on the phone discussing damage suits against Capote and NBC. As for why Capote chose to attack her, she told reporters that "poor vulnerable Truman" was probably miffed about an imitation of his high, lispy voice that she had done on a recent *Joey Bishop Show*.

It does not pay to jest with a Russian—at least not with Defense Minister **Andrei A. Grechko**. One of the highlights laid on for **Hubert H. Humphrey's** current 13-day tour of the Soviet Union was a wild-boar hunt, for which the old game-bird hunter quite freely admitted that he was unprepared by either instinct or experience. As Humphrey told it, he jokingly brought up the subject with Grechko in Moscow six years ago. "I was just pulling his leg," says H.H.H., but Grechko took him at his word. So off he went to the Defense Ministry's game preserve, and when the fusillade ended, Humphrey was wondering what to do with his 154-lb. tusker. "If anyone wants some boar meat, I've got some," he offered cheerfully. The choice carcass was delivered to the U.S. embassy.

The vicissitudes of Soviet Russia's literary continue. The word from Moscow is that Poet **Evgeny Yevushenko**, 36, has been dismissed from the editorial board of the influential magazine *Yunost* (Youth) because of some controversial poems and imprudent comments on the invasion of Czechoslovakia. But there was one moment of cheer last week for Moscow's literary circles. The news got around that **Alexander Solzhenitsyn**, who incurred the wrath of the regime for his allegorical novels (*The First Circle*, *Cancer Ward*), has been elected to honorary membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters and the National Institute of Arts and Letters. He thus joins **Dmitry Shostakovich** and the late **Boris Pasternak**, the only other Russians to receive the honor.

While two singers clutched each other in classic **Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson** Eddy fashion and crooned out the endless "you-hoo-hoo-hoo's" of *Indian Love Call*, all eyes in the Chautauqua, N.Y., audience were on the animated accompanist at the piano. At 89, the song's composer, **Rudolf Friml**, was a lively reminder of the day when schmalz was king. His hair was still brown ("It's all mine, and the color is not out of a bottle"), his step was still sprightly as he presided over the program staged in his honor, playing bits of Liszt and Chopin between such Friml favorites as *Donkey Serenade* and *Only a Rose*. What's more, the composer of 33 operettas thinks he may still have a trick or two up his sleeve. "One fellow wants to do a show with me called *Castle in Spain*," he said. "Maybe I will. I have lots of music ready."



COMPOSER FRIML
Still a trick or two.

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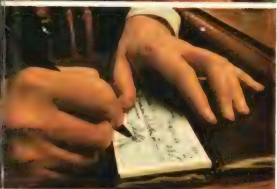


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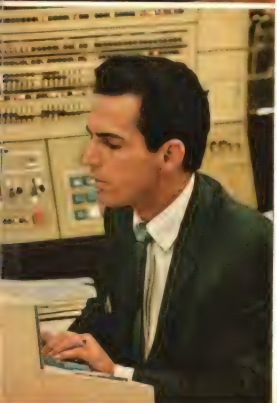
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ENVIRONMENT

The Cities: The Price of Optimism

ALMOST every great city has a river. The poetic notion is that flowing water brings commerce, delights the eye, and cools the summer heat. But there is a more prosaic reason for the close affinity of cities and rivers. They serve as convenient, free sewers.

The Potomac reaches the nation's capital as a pleasant stream, and leaves it stinking from the 240 million gallons of wastes that are flushed into it daily. Among other horrors, while Omaha's meat packers fill the Missouri River with animal grease balls as big as oranges, St. Louis takes its drinking water from the muddy lower Missouri because the Mississippi is far filthier. Scores of U.S. rivers are severely polluted—the swift Chattahoochee, majestic Hudson and quiet Milwaukee, plus the Buffalo, Merrimack, Monongahela, Niagara, Delaware, Rouge, Escambia and Havasu. Among the worst of them all is the 80-mile-long Cuyahoga, which splits Cleveland as it reaches the shores of Lake Erie.

No Visible Life. Some river! Chocolate-brown, oily, bubbling with sub-surface gases, it oozes rather than flows. "Anyone who falls into the Cuyahoga does not drown," Cleveland's citizens joke grimly. "He decays." The Federal Water Pollution Control Administration dryly notes: "The lower Cuyahoga has no visible life, not even low forms such as leeches and sludge worms that usually thrive on wastes." It is also—literally—a fire hazard. A few weeks ago, the oil-slicked river burst into flames and burned with such intensity that two railroad bridges spanning it were nearly destroyed. "What a terrible reflection on our city," said Cleveland Mayor Carl Stokes sadly.

Cleveland's great industries have lately made efforts to dump fewer noxious effluents into the Cuyahoga. If their record is still not good, the city's has been far worse. Whenever it rains hard, the archaic sanitary storm system floods the sewer mains, sending untreated household wastes into the river. Sometimes the old mains break, as recently happened on the Big Creek interceptor line. Each day for the past month, 25 million gallons of raw sewage have cascaded from a ruptured pipe, spilling a gray-green torrent into the Cuyahoga and thence into Lake Erie.

Some lake! Industrial wastes from Detroit's auto companies, Toledo's steel mills and the paper plants of Erie, Pa., have helped turn Lake Erie into a gigantic cesspool. Of 62 beaches along its U.S. shores, only three are rated completely safe for swimming. Even wading is unpleasant: as many as 30,000 sludge worms carpet each square yard of lake bottom.

Each day, Detroit, Cleveland and 120 other municipalities fill Erie with 1.5 billion gallons of inadequately treated wastes, including nitrates and phosphates. These chemicals act as fertilizer for growths of algae that suck oxygen from the lower depths and rise to the surface as odoriferous green scum. Commercial and game fish—blue pike, whitefish, sturgeon, northern pike—have nearly vanished, yielding the waters to trash fish that need less oxygen. Weeds proliferate, turning water frontage into swamp. In short, Lake Erie is in danger of dying by suffocation.

Scrub the Water. What can be done? The Federal Government has outlined a \$1.1 billion program for upgrading the sewage treatment plants of Lake

Erie's littoral U.S. cities. Washington has asked industry to spend another \$285 million on waste-treatment equipment. But schedules are being met by only 15 of the 102 target cities and 32 of the 100 major industrial polluters. The trouble is that pollution rarely gets a high priority until profits are affected or people are killed.

Cleveland, however, shook off its apathy last year. Much of the credit goes to Ben Stefanski, a 30-year-old lawyer-turned-urbanist, whom Mayor Stokes had just appointed to be Cleveland's director of public utilities. Making up in enthusiasm what he lacked in experience, Stefanski persuaded Stokes to start a massive effort to scrub the Cuyahoga, and hence aid Lake Erie. The proposed price tag: \$100 million in bonds, to improve existing facilities and build 25 miles of trunk-line sewers plus a modern sewage treatment plant.

Like Apple Pie. "We have some of the lowest sewer tax rates in the country," says Stefanski. "I figured we'd double the rates to amortize our bonds." To persuade the people to pay, Stefanski enlisted newspaper support, lined up citizen groups and got 33 suburban governments to endorse the plan. "It became like apple pie and motherhood," he recalls. "No one could be against clean water." Last fall Clevelanders approved the bond issue by a vote of 2 to 1, giving it more "yes" votes than any other proposal on the ballot. In five years, Cleveland should have the best sewage system in the U.S., one capable of handling even industrial wastes.

The accomplishment, huge as it is, only fixes the price of optimism. Unfortunately, water pollution knows no political boundaries. The Cuyahoga can be cleaned up in Cleveland, but as long as other cities keep dumping wastes upriver, it will remain exactly what it is today—an open-sewer filling Lake Erie with scummy wavelets, sullen reminders that even a great lake can die.



CLEVELAND'S STOKES & STEFANSKI



BOAT CAUGHT IN FLAMING CUYAHOGA

If you fall in, you don't drown—you decay away.

LEGISLATION

Policing the Polluters

For years, Congress has heard and uttered pieties about the environment. Meantime, the Federal Government itself has become the nation's biggest polluter. All sorts of tunnel-vision agencies, from the Agriculture Department to the Army Corps of Engineers, have pursued narrow goals that destroy delicate balances in nature and sometimes endanger human life. The glaring need is an overall body to coordinate the goals and protect the environment in a systematic way.

Last week the Senate subcommittee on air and water pollution approved a bill sponsored by Maine Democrat Edmund Muskie that would set up an independent "Office of Environmental Quality." The Senate has also just unanimously passed a remarkable bill introduced by Washington Democrat Henry ("Scoop") Jackson, chairman of the Interior Committee. A shrewd politician, Jackson finessed his bill through on the consent calendar, which bypasses floor debate. His "National Environmental Policy Act of 1969" would do no less than:

- ▶ Require Congress and every federal agency to interpret all federal laws, policies and regulations in terms of a new national goal—safeguarding and enhancing the physical environment.
- ▶ Order federal agencies to present Congress with alternative policies based on the finest ecological research.
- ▶ Create a top-level Board of Environmental Quality Advisers in the executive branch—25 or 30 leading experts who would develop new policies, criticize existing programs and advise the President directly.

The only precedent for Jackson's

sweeping bill is the Full Employment Act of 1946, which established the framework for a managed economy and created the Council of Economic Advisers. If the Environmental Policy Act becomes law, the result may well affect every imaginable special interest—airlines, highway builders, mining companies, real estate developers. As for the effect on federal agencies, Jackson predicts: "The law will immediately hit the Atomic Energy Commission's nuclear power program by requiring the AEC to curb thermal pollution. It will have an immediate impact on all defense programs—everything from the siting of ABM missiles to chemical and biological warfare. It will affect federally financed highway programs and every Army Corps of Engineers project."

A bill that opens all federal policies to challenge might seem doomed in the House, which still has to approve it. But Jackson is undaunted. As a strong supporter of the ABM, he got the Nixon Administration to give qualified endorsement to his bill, and he expects the House to go along. "This bill required months of intricate negotiations," says Jackson. "We're going to get it passed."

NATURAL RESOURCES

The Education of Wally Hickel

Senators, editorial writers and conservationists were agast last winter when the Nixon Administration nominated Alaska's Governor Walter J. Hickel to succeed Stewart L. Udall as Secretary of the Interior—a job that Udall had performed with such ecological sensitivity that many thought he should be called Secretary of the Environment. At first glance, Hickel was so depressingly different that some reacted as if Satan had been promoted to guard St. Peter's gate.

A roughhewn go-getter of 49, Hickel was the 1938 Golden Gloves welterweight champion of Kansas and never went to college. During his 29 years in Alaska, where he arrived with 37¢, Hickel amassed a fortune of more than \$14 million in hotels, land and natural-gas holdings. After he became Governor in 1967, his friendliness to oil companies gave him a reputation for putting industrial development before everything else—a reputation that was enhanced when he freely scorned "conservation for conservation's sake." At the Senate hearings preceding his confirmation, Hickel even seemed deaf to the fact that industrial pollution threatens not only trees and lakes but man himself. Yet Hickel's performance so far has started his critics.

Unlimited Liability. As his under secretary in charge of legislation, he appointed Russell E. Train, a noted conservationist. Hickel stopped developers from wiping out Nevada's Pyramid Lake, habitat of the Paiute Indians. He blocked a builder's plan that threatened to further pollute the Potomac. He sponsored



HICKEL INSPECTING CALIFORNIA OIL SLICK
Actions that outshout the words.

sored a pilot project uniting three seashore areas around New York Harbor, the first of a series of urban national parks. He dreams of combatting auto fumes with 150-m.p.h. commuter trains: "From five miles out, you'd be downtown quicker than if you drove."

Last week Hickel announced a long-term financing plan to help municipalities control water pollution by building up-to-date sewage plants. He has plunged into the Santa Barbara oil-leak fiasco and ruled that offshore drillers must bear unlimited liability for causing pollution and harming marine life—a big surprise from an alleged pawn of the oil companies. A year ago, Hickel was spurring exploitation of Alaska's oil-rich North Slope. Now he calls for forced-draft studies on how to "protect the fragile Arctic environment from the processes of exploitation."

Green Belt. Hickel has obviously learned that the environment is becoming a hot political issue. By his lights, though, he has always been a conservationist. As he sees it, using natural resources wisely requires different approaches in different areas. He backs development in Alaska, where huge forests rot for lack of logging. He backs land preservation near cities where trees are vanishing. In an interview with TIME Correspondent Richard Saltontall, he outlined his evolving ideas:

"When I said I didn't believe in conservation for conservation's sake, I meant you can't just lock up something and continue to sustain its value. A man can be a genius, but if you set him aside from society, put him in a corner, he'll vegetate. It's the same with natural resources like grazing lands or forests. The Federal Government has an obligation as a great landowner. I think we can find land, in addition to our great scenic or wild areas, which can be utilized to a

JACKSON FISHING





The Questers

History's pages are illuminated with the names of men
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Columbus, to seek a New World.

Magellan, to set sail around the globe.

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higher degree, and we can improve on nature by reclamation, irrigation and flood-control projects. With the right management, we might graze a cow on half the land it takes now. Maybe we can improve on the time it takes to grow and harvest forests. Maybe we should conserve natural beauty not just for viewing but for putting oxygen back into the air and all the necessary things a green belt can do."

New Methods. "Some company might say that it has a responsibility to many thousands of stockholders, but the Secretary of the Interior has 200 million stockholders. We can't simply stop all development. You'd have utter chaos. But Government must move faster to enlighten and encourage industry to keep the problems of the environment uppermost in their minds. I think that responsible business management is trying to keep the problem of environment uppermost, especially in new developments. The Government should encourage measures to prevent air and water pollution through tax incentives or just by showing how a good environment helps make money. This is something I really believe in. Take a factory that's sitting in greenery. It's clean. Its people are happy. They'll make more money than if it were cluttered up and no one cared."

"Petroleum is a good example of where we could set direction and give incentives—like the oil industry's depletion allowance, for instance. Maybe rather than cut depletion or raise it or whatever, we should tie it more strongly to exploration and research, for example, into new methods of cutting down on pollution. Maybe we could give a similar advantage to other industries and tie it to how they use it. Let's say the automobile industry has some kind of tax incentive to look into other kinds of transportation like steam or electric cars. That might be the best way to solve the problem of auto-exhaust pollution."

"When we emerged from an agricultural to an industrial society at the turn of the century, we literally busted out all over. There were no guidelines for development, there was desecration of the earth and abuse of raw materials. Nobody wants to go back to that. But we have to decide what we want. If we want open spaces, fresh water and clean air, we should be willing to sacrifice the concentration of industry. When you put ten massive industries side by side on one river, even if you scientifically eliminate the pollution problem, you still have the environmental problem of unsightliness."

"But I'd like to say this: there's so much room left. Get in an airplane and go up 30,000 feet and see America. Fly across it. There are clusters of people on the coasts, a few clusters in the heartland. But there are thousands and thousands of square miles in which you see nothing. The challenges are still great. We haven't even started."

RELIGION



NEW PRESIDENT PREUS
Doctrinally pure.

LUTHERANS

A Move Toward Unity

Ever since the 1830s, when sectionalism and new waves of immigration began to splinter American Lutheranism, denominational unity has seemed an all but unattainable dream. Ethnic, political and doctrinal differences have frustrated efforts toward ecumenism; by the turn of the century there were 21 separate Lutheran church groups in the U.S. But the goal of unity remained. Last month it became more attainable than ever when the dogmatically conservative Lutheran Church/Missouri Synod (2.8 million U.S. members) narrowly voted to accept "altar and pulpit fellowship" with

the slightly more liberal American Lutheran Church (2.6 million members).

In Lutheran parlance, fellowship means that members of the two bodies will be permitted to take communion in one another's churches, and ministers of one group will be permitted to preach in the pulpits of the other. For the Missouri Synod, which grew out of a single, 19th century immigrant German church, the decision was a major break with tradition. It was not such a landmark, however, for the ALC, which recently reached a similar agreement with the larger (3.1 million) and even more liberal Lutheran Church in America. Unlike Missouri, both the ALC and the LCA are themselves the results of four-way mergers by Scandinavian and German churches.

Although all three bodies agree on the supremacy of the Bible and subscribe to two of the same traditional Lutheran confessions, the Synod believes strictly in the historical accuracy of Scripture—including the entire *Book of Genesis*. Until now it has stubbornly shunned contact with churches it felt interpreted the Bible more freely. It has rejected most of the ecumenical movement, and is not a member of either the World or the National Council of Churches, or even of the Lutheran World Federation.

Grass-Roots Reaction. After the election of Dr. Oliver K. Harms, a former Texas pastor, as president in 1962, the Synod did make a few cautious gestures toward other groups. Three years ago, for example, it joined the ALC and the LCA (as well as a tiny Slovak Synod) in founding the Lutheran Council in the U.S.A., a national agency that coordinates certain welfare, mission and other activities, and serves as a meeting ground for theological discussions. But at this year's convention, the moderate Harms was turned out by a grass-roots conservative reaction that elected as President Dr. Jacob A. O. Preus (rhymes with choice), head of the Synod's Concordia Seminary in Springfield, Ill. The election of Preus, a learned conservative who opposes fellowship, was seen as an implied vote of no confidence in the Harms-backed plan for fellowship with the ALC. Despite Harms' personal defeat, however, years of subtle campaigning by backers of the proposal itself paid off. When the secret ballots were counted, the resolution had passed 522 to 438.

The affirmative vote on fellowship assured the continued allegiance of the liberal wing, which feels that the Synod has been falling behind the times. And the election of the doctrinally pure Preus, who pledged himself to carry out the convention's mandate for unity, may serve to mollify most of the large minority in the Synod who voted against fellowship.

For U.S. Lutherans, the Synod's ac-



OLD PRESIDENT HARMS
But ready for fellowship.



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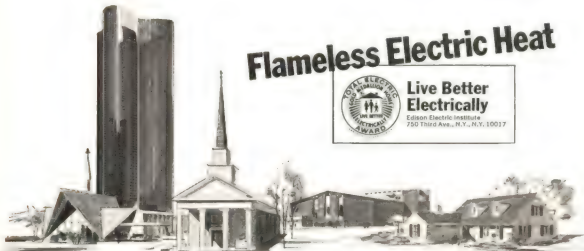
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tion may be a long step toward greater status in the American religious spectrum. If fellowship with the ALC is followed by fellowship with the LCA, says Dr. Richard Jungkuntz, executive secretary of the Missouri Synod's Commission on Theology and Church Relations, there will probably be "some major restructuring" of U.S. Lutheranism within ten or 15 years. Jungkuntz doubts that the final result should be a massive, centrally directed national Lutheran body. Instead, he suggests, the reorganization might encourage decentralized, unified, regional synods, all in communion with one another, meeting regional needs on their own and national needs in concert.

Such a basically unified Lutheran Church could come to have considerable influence. As Lutherans see it, neither of the two other major Protestant groupings now emerging—the Protestants in the ecumenical Consultation on Church Union and the various Baptist groups—will be "credal": they will not, as groups, adhere to a fixed creed. On the other hand, nine million Lutherans with an orthodox set of beliefs that include such traditional doctrines as the Trinity and original sin would occupy a unique and important position between the rest of American Protestantism and Roman Catholicism.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

The Cardinal as Critic

Leo-Jozef Cardinal Suenens, 65, is Primate of Belgium and Archbishop of Malines-Brussels, one of the largest Roman Catholic dioceses in the world. Lately he has taken on another role as well: outspoken critic of the Vatican. For years, Suenens has been known as an ecclesiastical progressive, but he argued his case for church renewal quietly—in books and behind the scenes at the Second Vatican Council. Last May the cardinal changed his tactics. He gave an interview to a French Catholic magazine, *Informations Catholiques Internationales*, which was quickly published in five other languages. It was perhaps the most encyclopedic indictment of outdated church practices by a ranking Roman Catholic cleric in modern times.

The objects of Suenens' complaints ranged from the repressive measures employed against modern Catholic theologians to the church's attitude toward women. But his prime target was Vatican bureaucracy. The Pope is indeed head of the universal church, Suenens affirmed, but he is also the prisoner of a curial system that makes him more an emperor than a successor of Peter. Most contemporary church problems, the cardinal suggested, stem from the legalistic mentality of the cardinals and other functionaries who surround the Pope—men who refuse to recognize that bishops, priests and laity must also participate in the governing of the church.

The Pope, Suenens insisted, ought to be elected by all the Catholic bishops of the world.

The Curia was quick to strike back. Eugene Cardinal Tisserant, 85, dean of the college of cardinals, wrote a letter to Suenens reportedly charging that his public statements were defamatory and slanderous. Tisserant demanded a retraction. Suenens answered that such an accusation was "unacceptable" and said he saw "no cause for retraction."

Christian Duty. What has made Suenens sound such alarms so publicly? "He was convinced that he could not get a proper hearing for his ideas in Rome," says a close friend. Moreover, "he was certain that the Bishops' Synod in October would be too restricted to pro-



SUENENS

Bureaucracy is the target.

vide an adequate forum for such issues, and he considered it his duty as a Christian leader to speak out." Says Suenens himself: "Perhaps if more church leaders had spoken out in the 15th century, Luther and the Protestants would not have had to break away."

The son of a Brussels restaurant owner, Suenens was raised by his widowed mother, sponsored for the priesthood and sent to Rome to study at 17 by Belgium's Désiré Cardinal Mercier. The young Suenens chose the progressive cardinal as his spiritual director and carried on a close correspondence with him. A brilliant student at Rome's Gregorian University, where he earned doctorates in theology and philosophy and a baccalaureate in canon law, Suenens returned to Belgium to become a professor of philosophy, at the age of 25, at Malines Seminary. A decade later he was named vice-rector of Belgium's famed Louvain University, and in 1945, was consecrated a bishop.

By 1955, Suenens had formulated his views on churchly change in a book called *The Gospel in Every Creature*, in which he first described such ideas

as co-responsibility of laity, priests and hierarchy in the church. In 1962, as a newly elevated cardinal, he counseled Pope John XXIII on the preparations for Vatican II, and later acted as one of the council's four moderators. Pope John selected him as a special emissary to the U.N. to present the now famous papal peace encyclical, *Pacem in Terris*. After John died, Suenens worked closely with his good friend Paul VI, to whom he remains affectionately loyal even now. "It's not the engineer that I am criticizing," Suenens has said, "it's the locomotive."

Evolving World. Last year, shortly before Paul issued his birth-control encyclical, *Humanae Vitae*, Suenens was among the liberal European cardinals who flew to Rome to argue against an earlier, even more conservative version. Later he pleaded unsuccessfully against the issuance of *Humanae Vitae* as well. When Suenens went back earlier this year to oppose new powers for papal nuncios and press for urgent reforms in church administration, resentful conservatives fought back so bitterly that he left Rome in disgust.

Suenens maintains a careful orthodoxy of language and purpose. He has little patience with ultraliberal Catholics who challenge basic church doctrines. "If you don't believe in the Holy Spirit or Resurrection or life after death," Suenens explained to *TIME*'s Robert Kroon in Brussels, "you should leave the church. I don't see the modern church as a sort of spiritual Red Cross organization." But he also insists that something must be done, and soon, to stop "this hemorrhage of priests. The part-time priest, married or not, could be a first step. The world is evolving and the church must evolve with it." Such suggestions infuriate the Curia, where Suenens is considered a Judas. Once many of his peers considered him a candidate for the throne of Peter. Now it is generally agreed that he has no chance of ever becoming Pope.

Held Back. Suenens' enemies point out that the cardinal is more progressive in his pronouncements than in his own country; but for most of his tenure, Suenens has been somewhat held back by the six out of seven fellow Belgian bishops who are more conservative than he is. Today, however, many of the younger clergy are on his side, and laymen are responding enthusiastically to a new system of democratically elected parish councils that he has set up.

Suenens' major influence ranges far beyond Belgium. Across Europe and North America, Catholic progressives look on his measured criticism as a vital necessity to church reform. At 65, Suenens considers himself too old to be Pope, but he has clearly developed a constituency and career of his own as leader of a loyal opposition within the church. "We haven't heard the last from him," says one of his few close friends in the Vatican. "He is only getting started."

A Merrill Lynch guide

For investors who like the profit potentials—but are bewildered by the jargon.

Some experienced investors consider convertibles "the ideal investment."

Merrill Lynch does not hold with this blanket endorsement. But we believe the increasing number of convertible issues—particularly in these times of intense merger activity—makes it important for stockholders to appreciate their potential strengths and weaknesses. Here are some of them:

Who issues convertible bonds, and why?

As most investors are well aware, corporations raising new cash from the public have essentially two choices: *debt financing* or *equity financing*.

Both have pros and cons—from both the investor's and the issuing corporation's point of view.

Debt financing gives the bondholder more security than common stock of the same company. And, barring default, a steady income is virtually assured.

In periods of high interest rates like the present, bonds obligate the issuer to continuing high interest payments that can take a hefty whack out of earnings.

Equity financing is not all beer and skittles either. Stocks give new investors a share in the ownership and growth of a corporation, but when new common stock is issued the equity of the present shareholder is diluted.

Out of these and other advantages and disadvantages stems the growing popularity of *convertible bonds*. For the investor, they combine some of the sex appeal of stocks with nearly all the security of straight bonds. For corporate managements, raising capital through convertible bonds avoids immediate earnings dilution (but does not avoid the possibility of future dilution).

Moreover, since convertible

bonds generally carry an interest coupon notably lower than that of comparable straight bonds, they take much less of a slice out of earnings.

How about convertible preferreds?

First, let's consider *straight preferred* stocks. In the corporate capital structure, they stand between bonds and common stock. They yield a fixed rate of income that must be paid before dividends on common stock, but after interest on bonds.

Convertible preferreds offer many of the same advantages as convertible bonds. In the past three years, the number of new convertible preferred issues has more than doubled.

How do convertibles convert?

The magic number in any convertible security, bond or preferred stock is the *conversion ratio*—the number of common shares for which the convertible bonds or preferreds may be exchanged.

Convertible bonds are usually issued in units of \$1,000, with conversion ratios of between fifty and ten for one.

Example: the \$1,000 convertible bonds of J. C. Penney carry a conversion ratio of 20 for 1.

For each JCP convertible you own, you are entitled at any time during the conversion period to obtain 20 shares of JCP common.

Convertible preferreds, of \$100 par value, are usually issued with conversion ratios of between five for one and one for one. The convertible preferred shares of Reynolds Metals, for instance, carry a conversion ratio of 2 for 1.

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to convertible securities:

Four key features of convertible securities

When Merrill Lynch analysts are sizing up convertibles, they ask four basic questions:

Question One: Is there a premium over conversion value? How much is it?

This gobbledygook relates to the difference between the cost of the convertible security and the cost of the equivalent number of common shares.

The smaller the premium, the more likely the convertible securities are to move up and down with the price of the common.

Suppose Able convertible bonds are selling at \$1,200, and that they have a conversion ratio of twenty for one.

Able common is trading at \$50, so twenty Able common shares are worth \$1,000. Premium on the bonds: \$200. Premiums over conversion values are usually expressed as percentages: in this case, 20%. Asking what is a "reasonable" premium is like asking how long is a piece of string—but premiums are valuable for purposes of comparison.

Suppose there is a second company—Baker—which is identical to Able company in every respect but one: the premium on Baker convertible bonds is only \$50, or 5%.

The price of Baker convertible bonds will probably follow the price of Baker common like one roller coaster following another. Able convertibles and Able common, however, probably won't follow each other as closely.

Question Two: What is the likelihood of a "call"? And what effect will it have on an investor's fortunes?

Virtually all convertible securities are issued with a call provision.

Translation: The issuing company has the right to redeem the securities on or after a stated date, in exchange for a stated amount in

cash which is usually a few points over par, plus accrued interest or dividends.

When a corporation calls a convertible bond it expects most holders to convert to stock rather than accept cash redemption value. The possibility of call increases as the common stock moves above the conversion price—especially if the bond is selling at or near the value of the shares for which it can be exchanged. Although the bond and stock usually drop in price when there's a call, the investor does not have to sell. He can convert and hope the common stock will rise above the conversion price.

Question Three: How sound is the issuing corporation?

This is a question investors naturally ask when they're buying straight bonds. Clearly, the ability of the corporation to pay interest at the stated rate, and to redeem its bonds at the stated figure at maturity, is vital.

Oddly enough, many investors sometimes neglect to ask this question when buying convertibles.

They concentrate on the conversion prospects, failing to remember that safety of principal and secured income can be equally important to other investors—and hence

to the market value of the bonds.

Question Four: What are the prospects for the common?

A catchall question, you say. So it is. But it's just as important to get an answer when you're buying a convertible, as it is when you're buying the common stock itself.

When you buy a convertible security, its appreciation prospects are inexorably linked by the conversion ratio to the price of the common stock into which it's convertible.

If the price of the common rises, the value of your conversion rights goes up. So your convertible security is likely to go up, too. And vice versa.

Estimating how closely the convertible will follow the common is a matter of judgment and experience. Along with the foregoing basic questions, it is one of a myriad of factors taken into account by Merrill Lynch analysts when they're sizing up convertible securities.

They have just drawn up a list of about 100 of these securities, including 20 Merrill Lynch considers attractive. If your appetite is whetted, just clip the coupon.

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"I'm very old-fashioned," admits Los Angeles' Richard Diebenkorn. "Though I'm interested in most of the new art, painting remains for me a very physical thing, an involvement with a tangible feeling of sensation." In that, Manhattan's Robert Natkin would concur. "The giant cool that is part of today's life-style repulses me," he says. "The artist has to have vulnerability, open up his feelings, and find a loving commitment." Though Diebenkorn and Natkin belong to no school and live and work on opposite sides of the continent, their similar approaches to painting have brought them both to a kind of stylistic halfway house between representationalism on the one hand and formal geometry on the other. Both are romantic abstractionists who have preserved on canvas a sense of place and object without the aid of recognizable images.

Damp Light. Oblivious to fashion and personal fortune, Diebenkorn has often detoured when a less determined painter might have rested on a comfortable plateau of achievement. Under the influence of Clifford Still and the late David Park, he plunged headlong into Abstract Expressionism while a student at the California School of Fine Arts in San Francisco. Then, in 1955, he found himself in something of a bind, as he describes it, bored with splashing color around with the total freedom that abstraction allows. He felt a sudden need for "a kind of constraint," and found it by painting the human figure. He thereby ushered in a vital school of Bay Area artists who found a fresh

range of figurative interpretation within the loose, easy brushwork of action painting.

So it went until two years ago when, just as casually as it had appeared on Diebenkorn's canvases, the figure disappeared. In its place was a bold structural architecture and a damp soft light suffused with the shrimp reds and spring greens characteristic of Ocean Park in Santa Monica, where he now lives. In his latest exhibition at the Los Angeles County Museum, his "Ocean Park" series appears to be at first glance totally abstract. But soon the rudiments of a surfside landscape begin to emerge. Diebenkorn admits that a drive past the beach in the morning may affect his choice of color later in the studio. "As in the past, I seem to have picked up my environment in my paintings."

Somehow surprised that he does not even sketch from life any longer, Diebenkorn is still searching in his painting for that perfect balance of freedom and license. He explains, "Somehow, if you can put a shape, a space, a color anywhere, that's not good. And yet if it has to go just here so specifically because of things like gravity and time of day and source of light, that gets to be a drag, too."

Gingham Checks. Robert Natkin likes to refer to his beginnings as "early nothing." His father was a rag dealer, and so bleak was the Chicago neighborhood in which he was born 38 years ago, he recalls, that it left him with a lasting sense of esthetic deprivation—a fact that probably accounts for the almost pretty profusion of colors in his present canvases. After studying at Chicago's Art Institute, where he was most influenced by the Postimpressionist collection, he



NATKIN

Mouse in the abstract grass.

found no galleries in which to display his work.

Natkin responded by opening the Wells Street Gallery in 1957 in which he exhibited his own paintings along with other Abstract Expressionists. With the gallery's demise after a couple of years, Natkin set off with his wife Judith Dolnick, also a painter, for New York. There he achieved modest success in a succession of one-man shows. In September, the San Francisco Museum of Art will give him the accolade of a full-scale retrospective.

His style derives from both decorative Oriental and primitive art and illusionist painting. He may lift details from lace sleeves he has seen in a Flemish masterwork at the Metropolitan Museum and expand them into blown-up patterns, offset these with gingham checks from his wife's summer dress, and counterpoint both with huge pointillist dots. The results look like an explosion in a fabrics factory or a rabbit-hole view of a Wonderland garden.

Natkin admits shamelessly that he wants his painting to portray, with sad beauty, time and a sense of the natural world. Each series has its own literary overtones. His Faust series looks "on the dark side of life," but reflects Faust's gallant laughter in the face of evil. For his "Field Mouse" series (which contains no visible field mouse), he quotes from Ezra Pound:

*And the days are not full enough
And the nights are not full enough
And life slips by like a field mouse
Not shaking the grass.*

Though his abstractions—unlike Diebenkorn's—seem to belong more to the realm of fantasy than fact, Natkin manages nonetheless to stimulate the imagination and guide the eye to a place of persuasive charm that is both abstract and real.



DIEBENKORN

Sense of place in the provinces of realism.



"WOMAN IN PROFILE" (1958)

Robert Natkin's
"Faust Laughter" (1968)



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PASTEL PATCHWORK

Richard Diebenkorn's
"Ocean Park No. 18" (1968)



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SPORT

AUTO RACING

Ruler of the Road

Scotland's Jackie Stewart is something of a brooding fatalist. His elder brother Jimmy preceded him as a racing driver but retired after two serious accidents and a near-fatal collision in the 1954 Le Mans classic. In 1968 his roommate and closest friend, the incomparable Jim Clark, was killed in a crash on the Hockenheim circuit. "The loss of Jimmy was an enormous blow," says Stewart, "but it couldn't make me give up racing. Jimmy was a professional, and so am I."

And few are better. This year Stewart, 30, has replaced King James as the Scottish ruler of the road. Last March, in the South African Grand Prix, first of the 1969 world championship Formula 1 series races, he roared into the lead on the very first lap, and has rarely been behind since. In the most astonishing driving display in Grand Prix history, Jackie raced his 430-h.p. Matra-Ford MS80 to victories in Spain, The Netherlands and France. He lost at Monte Carlo only after a faulty drive shaft forced him to drop out one-third of the way through the race; at that point he held an extravagant 30-sec. lead. Two weeks ago, he won his fifth victory in five finishes in Great Britain's rugged 246-mile Grand Prix at Silverstone. That race gave Stewart a total of 45 world-championship points. His nearest rival, New Zealander Bruce McLaren, has only 17. With a full five Grand Prix races yet to run, the flippant, flamboyant Scot has virtually sewn up racing's most coveted prize.

Cutting Corners. Stewart invites comparison with Clark for more reasons than a heritage of heather; Europeans consider him a "natural" driver, as they did Clark. Accurate and adaptable, he consistently picks the most efficient curb-sheering line around corners, which gives him an extra jump into the straightaway. At Silverstone, he crashed his car during a trial run, and had to race in a slightly inferior model usually driven by a teammate. On top of that, his clutch jammed on the fourth lap and he was forced to power-shift for the remaining 80. Yet his average speed of 127.25 m.p.h. was nearly 10 m.p.h. faster than the existing track record—set in 1967 by Clark.

Stewart's father ran a small garage near Dumbarton, and his mother was a lively lady who liked to roam the moors in modified sports cars. After her first son's ill-starred attempts at a racing career, though, she had no intention of letting Jackie get behind the wheel. The young man did not much care; he was too busy pursuing his first love—trap shooting. "I put more effort into it than I put now into my racing," he recalls. Between 1957 and 1962 he won the Irish, Welsh, English and British champion-

ships and was named as a substitute to the British Olympic trap team. Finally persuaded to race at Charterhall, where Clark had made his start several years earlier, Stewart finished third. To fool his mother, he says, "I snuck out to race under the nom de plume of A. N. Other. I thought that terribly clever."

Cautious Conservatism. After he joined the European circuit in 1964, he and Clark shared an apartment in London. Their digs soon became known in racing circles as the "Scottish Embassy." Stewart married a Lowland lassie, Helen McGregor, who came to understand the substance of her mother-in-law's

TOW RICHIE



STEWART & WIFE
Heritage of heather.

fears. At the Belgian Grand Prix in 1966, her husband's car spun out of control as he whipped around a rain-slick corner at 150 m.p.h. and ripped through a telegraph pole and a tree before it screamed to a halt. For 35 minutes Stewart was trapped in the cockpit as the gasoline from his full tanks rose to his armpits. Miraculously, the car did not explode, and a team of workmen managed to pry him out.

Coupled with Clark's death, that near-tragedy had a signal effect on Stewart. Off the track, the little (5 ft. 6½ in., 148 lbs.) driver is all Scottish charm; he wears Savile Row suits and affects shoulder-length locks. When it comes to his profession, however, he is all caution and conservatism. The Belgian Grand Prix was canceled this year largely because of his argument that the race would be too dangerous on wet roads. He was among the first Grand Prix drivers to use the six-point-contact seatbelt, and he introduced the idea of remote-control fire extinguishers in the engine compartment and

cockpit, which racing authorities may make compulsory.

Such precautions do not imply that Stewart's passion for driving has diminished. "I know it's an old cliché," he says, "but a car is really very much like a woman. One day, you have to be very gentle. The next, you may have to give it a good thrashing. But the worst thing that can happen is to let it control you. When that happens, you're no longer a driver—you're just a passenger." So far, Stewart has shown that he knows just when to coax his high-strung lady, and when to coddle her.

BASEBALL

Restoring the Balance

No single event better illustrated the pre-eminence of the pitcher throughout the 1968 baseball season than the July All-Star game. The best batsmen in both leagues struck out 20 times and collected only eight hits as the National League eked out a soporific 1-0 victory. One disgusted spectator called the game "the biggest bore of my life."

No one was bored by last week's All-Star game. Held in Washington's new Robert F. Kennedy Stadium, the contest clearly reflected the re-emergence of the crowd-pleasing "long ball." In the second inning, Cincinnati's Johnny Bench blasted a two-run homer off the New York Yankees' Mel Stottlemyre, who was ultimately tagged with the loss. Washington's Frank Howard sent a towering drive over the centerfield fence in the American League's half of the inning. Then the Nationals sent nine men to the plate and scored five runs as San Francisco's Willie McCovey belted the first of two home runs. Even St. Louis Pitcher Steve Carlton, the game's eventual winner, lashed a run-producing double. Detroit's Bill Freehan came back with a homer, but that still left the Americans on the short end of an 8-2 score.

American League Manager Mayo Smith of Detroit then rushed in the ace of his own mound staff, Denny McLain. The Tiger rightlander had flown home in his personal Lear jet to have his deteriorating teeth examined, returned just in time to dress and warm up for the fourth inning. McCovey greeted McLain by rapping his third pitch over the rightfield fence for the fifth home run of the game.

There might have been a sixth but for Boston Leftfielder Carl Yastrzemski, who robbed Bench of his second homer with a leaping catch against the fence. After that, Cleveland's Sam McDowell and Boston's Ray Culp combined to retire the next nine Nationals in a row. But the damage had already been done. The National League wound up with a 9-3 victory, its seventh straight in the series. The real winners were the batsmen of both leagues, who collected 17 hits and 35 total bases. Better hitters? More likely, this season's narrowed strike zone and lowered mounds have restored the balance between hitters and pitchers.

TELEVISION

PROGRAMMING

Rescuing the Survivors

Lana Turner knew only too well that she was the model for the lurid 1962 novel *Where Love Has Gone*, and stopped talking to its author, Harold Robbins (*The Carpetbaggers*). But by two years ago, she had made peace and signed to star in Robbins' *The Survivors*, an ABC television series about the jet set he concocted for the forthcoming season. That, it turns out, may be grounds to break off relations permanently with Robbins—and just possibly is the worst decision of Lana's 45-movie, seven-husband career. *The Survivors* has so far proved to be the most overpriced and troubled TV series ever.

In the ten months since shooting began, the show has run through three producers. Also down the chute went one director, the costume designer, the executive story editor—and the original Robbins story line itself. Says Lana, one of the few charter members of the company left on the set last week: "If we were to film what really has happened behind the cameras, no one would believe it."

The narrative is, so to speak, pure Robbins. He conceived *The Survivors* for a couple of reasons. Though he has sold more than 40 million books, Robbins has long lusted for a larger audience: he figures that "even if the show is a failure, more people will view it in one night than all the people who have ever read or seen *The Carpetbaggers*." Secondly, he has always felt that two-hour movie adaptations of his novels were too truncated and that 100 hours were really needed.

Sophisticated Saga. So Robbins went to the production brass of ABC, and spied out a scenario. There is this banking family, he winged—Morgan or Rothschild types, with the second generation vying among themselves for command after the death of the patriarch. The saga would unfold in novel form, not with self-contained weekly story segments but chapter by chapter. *The Survivors* would also be more sophisticated than conventional television—"A story," as Robbins put it, "of today's morals. If people go to bed together, they'll go to bed together on the show. We are not bowing down to TV in any way."

ABC was sold, with nary a script or a pilot, and commissioned Universal to produce it. Robbins would get a percentage of any profits, plus \$10,000 a show. Furthermore, he says, he was guar-

anteed a full 26 weeks the first year instead of the customary 15 or 17, and payment for a second season of 26 shows "whether it bombs or not." For that unprecedented, sweet contract, Robbins gave ABC only a nine-page "treatment," conferred a few times with Universal, and then took off for his Riviera home.

Journeymen Hollywood scriptwriters would hack out the weekly chapters from the Robbins outline and flesh out such supporting characters as Louis Armand St. Verre, described in the scenario only as "the debauched scion of



LANA, HAMILTON, BELLAMY, MCCARTHY
Cocktail party on the wing.

an old French family whose main claim to fame is that he has made love to 3,000 women and has had gonorrhea 26 times."

The first producer, William Frye, was allocated the highest series budget in the history of TV—nearly \$8,000,000 for the 1969-70 season. That bought not only Lana but also George Hamilton, who seemingly has given up his escort service for serious acting ("Commitment," he proclaimed last week, "is 90% of life"). Some \$200,000 was spent on the set—four times the TV average—and another \$100,000 on wardrobe, \$50,000 of it for Lana. But that didn't stop her from quarreling with Producer Frye over the jewelry provided. Frye couldn't be bothered, he said, and got a slap across the face. He slapped back—on both cheeks—and she told the producer he was through.

Thus, after two months of shooting (most of it on location on the Riviera) and \$1,000,000 of expenses, Universal still had to get its first usable episode.

After another producer passed briefly through the chaos, old TV Hand Walter Doniger (*Maverick*) was called in and wrote a 40-page, single-spaced critique of what was wrong with Robbins' nine-page outline and the scripts to date. He became the third producer.

Harmonious Sex Life. In Doniger's view, a fight over a banking empire run by a family patriarch (Ralph Bellamy) would not keep TV viewers tuned in for very long. So he decided instead "to deal not with the abstracts of wealth but rather with the emotional problems of rich people. Our stories will be about human beings faced with all kinds of swirling emotional forces, told against an enormous backdrop, but with the same kind of problems as you and I." Translation: kink it up.

Out went eight different story outlines, three finished scripts and five more in the works. In the original, for example, Lana and her husband (Kevin McCarthy) hymned their harmonious sex life with lines like "It's only good with you." Now it's bad, bad, bad, and in fact their 19-year-old son turns out to have been sired by a Greek named Krakos, who was at the time a poverty-stricken tourist guide but has since become richer than Onassis. Naturally, the son has some S.D.S.-type campus friends. Also hastily written in is a South American revolutionary conservatively patterned not after Guevara or Castro but Simón Bolívar.

Despite all the frantic script doctoring and transplants, Universal claims that shooting is about on schedule. Lana and the old sweater-girl figure are holding up pretty well for her years (49). She is getting along swimmingly with Producer du jour Doniger, who himself professes to be having "desperate fun" with the cast and show. "It is like having a cocktail party on the wing of an airplane." Lana does make her daily 5:45 a.m. calls, and has difficulty only in getting a fix on her unravelling character. "There have been so many story versions that I am still trying to figure out what kind of woman I am," she complains. Last week, for instance, Lana had to shoot the sixth chapter, though the third chapter still lacks a final script.

Treat or a Treatment. One of the principals of the cast—who signed on in hopes that the show "might convey the real emptiness of our life and become an American *L'Avventura*,"—now fears that it is degenerating into high-priced prime-time soap opera. Producer Doniger vehemently disputes the charge, though he just as determinedly denies that his last show was soap. It was *Peyton Place*.

That series, at least, made ABC a lot of money, and the real cliffhanging question in *The Survivors* melodrama is whether Robbins has given the network a treat or a treatment. With his two-year guarantee, he has less to lose than the network if the show doesn't survive the second season. No matter what happens, Robbins will continue to be as rich as Krakos.

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BEHAVIOR

HUMAN RELATIONS

The Listeners

In Davenport, Iowa, telephone number 323-1819 rang. The call was answered by a 71-year-old woman, a retired schoolteacher. "Hello," she said pleasantly. "This is your listener." Her caller said "Hello" back, but there was uncertainty in her voice. "Is this your first call to us?" the schoolteacher prompted gently. "Yes," came the reply. The subsequent conversation between two strangers went like this:

I'm a widow living in this house alone. I was so lonesome tonight I had to talk to someone. What bothers me is the loneliness, not talking to anyone.

I'm glad you thought of us. I hope you call any time you want to visit.

homosexual," began another youthful caller. "Where can I get help?" He was referred to a social agency. Crank calls are rare. One high school girl rang up to ask how to divide 182 by 9; her listener, no arithmetician, was stumped.

Sympathetic Voice. This modest effort in human relations was begun last March by the Senior Citizens' Pilot Project under the sponsorship of the Scott County Commission on Aging. Unlike the numerous Dial-a-Prayer switchboards and suicide-prevention centers, its purpose is neither to deliver canned messages of hope nor to cope with life-and-death crises, but to offer lonely callers a simple human connection. The service costs almost nothing: less than \$700 a year for telephone equipment and a few office supplies. Not everyone can be a listener. "We're very selective



DRAWING BY K. BRIAN. (C) 1969 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

You're only the second caller I've had tonight. I was getting lonesome too.

I like to sit out on the porch when there's a breeze. But there's not a breath of air moving. The air's so heavy.

It certainly is.

I guess I know why I'm so lonely. It was just about this time of year my husband died. We would have been married 45 years next Christmas.

It must be an especially difficult time for you.

The talk ranged over a variety of personal concerns—the shading elm tree in the front yard that had to come down, a son who seldom came to visit, all the small but vital concerns of an old woman in a house and a life that for many years had been too empty. In content, it was very little different from the 150 calls a month received by 323-1819, which is the number of a service known as Dial-a-Listener. At the receiving end is a rotating staff of ten volunteers—including the schoolteacher, a nurse, an author, a civil engineer—who keep the number open around the clock. At the other end are the lonely people of Davenport who hunger for the sound of a sympathetic human voice.

Although intended primarily to serve the aged, Dial-a-Listener occasionally gets calls from the young. One eleven-year-old boy, whose parents work phones nearly every day after school, and sometimes late at night when he can't get to sleep. "I think I'm a ho-

about our volunteers," says Clayton Moore, the project director. They are screened for the qualities that will survive the impersonality of the telephone: a warm, sympathetic voice and, above all, the willingness to listen.

Anonymity is scrupulously observed. No one ever knows who the other person is, and no one ever asks. "People feel free to talk when they know their friends or family will never know what's being said," observes Director Moore. "They tell us things they can't talk about to someone they know." If Dial-a-Listener works, it is because there is loneliness at both ends of the line. The listeners seem to get as much out of it as their callers. But many of the calls are like unfinished stories that have a beginning but no end. "It's like reading only a little way into a book," said one listener rather wistfully. "You don't always know how things work out."

MENTAL ILLNESS

The Trance Children

The most tragic, and in some ways most mysterious, form of mental illness in children is infantile autism. Autistic* children live in a lonely and unbreakable trance. As babies, they seldom look into their mothers' eyes; they never reach out to be picked up and cuddled. By the age of about two, they have with-

The most terrifying thing in the world.

A blank piece of paper. Every copywriter, every art director, every illustrator, every newspaper columnist, every political cartoonist, everyone who communicates in print faces it almost everyday of their lives. It frightens the good ones and terrifies the great ones. Only the mediocre take it in stride.

The mediocre have very little trouble filling the blank piece of paper. Mostly with blank thoughts which they call Creativity. And they are always satisfied.

The good ones fill the blank piece of paper with sweat and sometimes good thoughts which they call effort. And sometimes they are satisfied.

The great ones fill the blank piece of paper with blood and a few tears. And almost always great thoughts which they leave unlabeled because labels are unnecessary. And they are never satisfied.

If you are someone with something to sell, or someone searching for meaning in the printed word or the printed picture, look for the copywriter, art director, illustrator, newspaper columnist, political cartoonist, and communicator who is terrified by a blank piece of paper.

NORTHLICH, STOLLEY, INC.
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* From the Greek word for self



But why?

Man dreamed the impossible dream.

And made it happen.

But why? Was it all really worth while?

Only if we take pride in the part of our nature that wants to explore, to find things out, to continuously reach for the unknown.

And only if we use the knowledge gained in shooting for the moon—and from future space projects—to make some impossible dreams come true on earth.

We've been doing pretty well in that direction.

In the process of helping Apollo II get up there, we learned how orbiting satellites can help make things better in down-to-earth ways.

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Crop information that could help feed the hungry. (Soon farmers will be able to boost production 300%.)

Information to help control pollution.

And warn us of potential flood disaster.

The ever-circling satellites can show us

where to dig for new oil and minerals.

And tell fishing fleets where the fish are.

Weather forecasting will get better.

(Someday, maybe, even the weather itself!)

And ships will find it easy to pinpoint their position in the stormiest seas.

These are just a few of the ways in which RCA and other adventurous companies are using knowledge that came from outer space.

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But in many ways, and for many people,

it is just beginning.

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RCA

Shooting for the moon since '58

drawn completely from the world, ignoring the people around them in favor of the Teddy bears or dolls to which they become fanatically attached. The smallest departure in routine can send them into screaming paroxysms; some must wear tiny football helmets to prevent them from smashing their heads against a wall.

Unlike children afflicted with brain damage, the victims of autism often display tantalizing flashes of intelligence. Some can memorize long, complicated stories with flawless accuracy; many have perfect pitch. Psychiatrists differ widely in their views on the cause of autism, and real cures have been rare. In Washington last week, discussions at the annual meeting of the National Society for Autistic Children indicated that research and treatment are beginning to move along some new paths.

No Blame. Parents of autistic children have never had much reason for hope. Until Dr. Leo Kanner of Johns Hopkins University identified and defined the disease in 1943, most doctors concluded that autistic children were mentally retarded, and could recommend nothing more than packing them off to a vegetable-like existence in a custodial institution. Kanner, taking more careful note of their mental abilities, concluded that the disease was a psychosis. He felt that the condition was innate, but noted that many parents of autistic children were highly intellectual and emotionally cold—"refrigerator parents," as he called them. Other experts in autism, including Chicago Psychoanalyst Bruno Bettelheim, accept the theory that parental rejection is the basic cause of the children's problems.

The specialists who belong to the National Society—and the parents who founded the organization 34 years ago—strongly disagree. They point out that the symptoms of autism usually develop in a baby's first weeks, seemingly well before strong parental influence is possible. Moreover, studies indicate that the other offspring of parents with an autistic child are almost invariably normal. Some researchers hope that autism will turn out to be similar to cretinism and phenylketonuria (or P.K.U.)—products of some defective chemistry affecting the nervous system. Meanwhile, a growing number of experts would like to sidestep the question of parental blame and concentrate on teaching autistic children acceptable substitutes for their difficult and harmful behavior. Says Dr. Leon Eisenberg, chief of psychiatry at Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital: "Guilt is the most useless commodity available."

A careful use of discipline is the heart of several recent approaches. Adopting the principles of reinforcement therapy (TIME, July 11), psychologists at the U.C.L.A. Neuropsychiatric Institute put autistic children through a demanding series of exercises. The therapist waits for them to perform a small act as a normal child would, then quick-

ly rewards them with praise and a few bits of cereal or an M & M candy. If they revert to autistic behavior, he promptly says "No," and may even strike them. After literally hundreds of repetitions, the rewardable behavior begins to replace autistic distraction, and the children can be stimulated by praise alone.

No Cure. Similar ideas are also being put to use in a few of the schools that attempt to treat autistics along with other problem children. Carl Fenichel of Brooklyn's League School for Seriously Disturbed Children told the National Society meeting that he has had some success by firmly distracting autistic children from their tantrums and insisting they practice simple mechanical



AUTISTIC BOY & TEACHER AT LEAGUE SCHOOL
Guilt is the most useless commodity.

tasks such as holding a pencil or using an egg beater. "Disorganized children need someone to organize their world for them," he says. "They fear their own loss of control and seek protection against their own impulsive drives; they need teachers who know how to limit as well as accept them."

None of these methods can "cure" autism, the researchers warn. The best that therapy can do now is abate the worst symptoms, allowing children to remain at home with their parents and attend special schools that serve the brain-damaged, the retarded, and children with other mental conditions that are more amenable to treatment than autism. The parents of autistics, who make up most of the N.S.A.C.'s 700 members, are lobbying to force all states to provide this kind of care through the public schools. So widespread is the feeling that children with severe mental illness can never be helped, says N.S.A.C. Legislative Chairman Herman Preiser, that only six states make it mandatory to provide any education for them at all.

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MEDICINE

DRUGS

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Such stereotyped prescribing is ex-

cess of digitalis-type drugs, which are critical within a narrow range. Even a modest overdose may precipitate a dangerous, abnormal heart rhythm.

Precise drug dosages for individuals are undoubtedly years off, for Kalman's is a counsel of pharmacological perfection. Nonetheless, he and two fellow pharmacologists at Stanford, Drs. Avram Goldstein and Lewis Aronow, have given it considerable impetus with their exhaustive, 884-page study, *Principles of Drug Action* (Hoeber Medical Division of Harper & Row). The differences among patients in their reactions to drugs may be caused by race, individual heredity, personal idiosyncrasy, or allergic reaction. Enzyme deficiencies and abnormal hemoglobins are found among Negroes and some Mediterranean peoples. In as many as 10% of Negro males, normal doses of the antimalarial drug primaquine will precipitate an acute and potentially fatal blood-destroying anemia. Many individuals with this peculiarity are almost equally sensitive to sulfas and several other drugs.

One of the common drug reactions involves isoniazid, the most widely used drug against tuberculosis. One of the rarer reactions is found among victims of porphyria (see following story), who suffer acute attacks if they take barbiturates; they may also be sensitive to the sulfas. At the opposite end of the reaction scale, some victims of an unusual form of rickets need more than 1,000 times the normal quantity of vitamin D before they respond.

No Useful Purpose. Exposure to a drug may sensitize a patient and cause a dangerous allergic reaction on the next exposure. But, the California authors complain, it may do no good for the doctor to ask a patient whether he has previously had a reaction to a certain drug. "Patients are commonly unaware of what medication they receive, multiple irrational drug mixtures abound, and memories tend to be much less persistent than antibody-forming capacity." Reaction to penicillin injections cause an estimated 100 deaths annually in the U.S. What is most tragic about these deaths, say Kalman and his colleagues in citing a number of cases, is that the penicillin was injected for a sprained toe, an injured finger, and mild upper respiratory infections. "Penicillin could have served no useful purpose in these instances."

The pharmacologists also complain about the way doctors write their prescriptions. "Writing prescriptions in Latin is an obsolete affectation, conducive to misunderstanding and error," they say. With rare exceptions, the medicine bottle should be labeled with the name of the drug. "The obsolete apothecary system of grains, ounces and drachms is dangerous and unnecessary. The ancient symbols for ounce and drachm are nearly alike, and fatal over-

doses have resulted. The abbreviation *gr.* (meaning grain, 60 mg.) is easily mistaken for *gram* (1,000 mg.), also with catastrophic consequences." Instead of a dubious decimal point, the doctor should use a vertical line.

When it comes to telling the patient how to take his medicine, the Stanford professors advise doctors and druggists to use "terms of common household measures like teaspoonful or tablespoonful." That way the patient knows what he is doing. He can only hope that his doctor does too.

HEREDITY

Royal Malady

When Britain's King George III died in 1820, he was blind, deaf and apparently mad. His physicians, limited in their medical knowledge and hindered by protocol in examining their royal patient (they could not inquire how he felt unless he spoke to them first), had long since concluded that the King was "under an entire alienation of mind." George III went down in history as the mad monarch, a judgment accepted by generations of historians and buttressed by psychiatric studies.

Now, however, two British psychiatrists who re-examined George's medical records in the light of new medical knowledge are proposing a radically different interpretation. Drs. Ida Macalpine and Richard Hunter, her son, suggest in the *British Medical Journal* that George III suffered from porphyria, a rare hereditary metabolic disorder that can lead to severe mental disturbances.

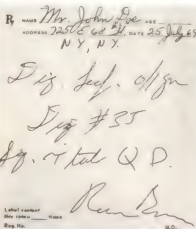
George apparently inherited porphyria from Mary Queen of Scots (1542-87), who passed the genetic disorder on to 16 generations of European aristocrats.

THE MARVELL COLLECTION



GEORGE III

Poisoned by the purple.



OLD-STYLE PRESCRIPTION*

All patients are not the same.

tremely unsound, says Pharmacologist Sumner Kalman of Stanford University. "There is no average man who always needs a particular dose of this or that drug on a certain daily schedule," Dr. Kalman notes. Even patients who are identical in sex and size do not absorb a drug into the bloodstream at the same rate. Their systems do not metabolize the drug at the same rate. Moreover, their reactions to a drug may range all the way from nil to collapse and sudden death as a result of severe allergic shock. "The fate of a drug in the body is a personal affair, as peculiar in a way as a personality trait," says Kalman. "How dare we consider all patients the same? We have to study the drug in the individual patient so that he can be placed upon a proper schedule."

Across Ethnic Lines. The need for such procedures is being emphasized by a growing body of biochemical knowledge. "As a patient's health changes, or as other drugs are used," says Kalman, "the blood level of an important drug may change." One example is the use of barbiturates in combination with digitalis. If a patient is on digitoxin, one of the digitalis products, and then uses barbiturates for a while, his heart-medicine dosage should be checked, and possibly adjusted, twice. Barbiturates speed up the metabolism

* Translation: digitalis leaf, 0.1 gram per day.

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EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

Columbia's Choice

After a year marked by turmoil and siege on campus, it is little wonder that Columbia University—without a president for much of that time—has been unable to find a willing candidate for the post. John Gardner, former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, showed no interest when overtures were made. Martin Meyerson, president of the State University of New York at Buffalo, demurred publicly after word of negotiations was leaked. Now the Columbia trustees have turned to Alexander Heard, 52, the able chancellor of Vanderbilt University and one of the small number of their preferred choice.



CORDIER & HEARD

One exception to the tactics.

es. At week's end Columbia had reason to be encouraged. Heard had not accepted the job, but he flew to New York and was put up at the president's residence, where he held a series of meetings with Columbia trustees and faculty and student groups.

Heard, born in Savannah, received his doctorate in political science from Columbia (1951) and learned administration as dean of the graduate school at the University of North Carolina. His first move on taking over as chancellor of Vanderbilt in 1963 was to call in student leaders to discuss campus affairs, a move that got him off to a good start with the student body. He then requested a written self-appraisal from each department, getting response from 285 faculty and staff members. This netted him a 4,400-page report 16.3 inches high, all of which he read and used to good effect.

During his six years at Vanderbilt,

Heard has sought greater student and faculty involvement in governing the university, and this year added recent graduates to the board of trustees. He has strengthened the teaching of sciences and created the rank of "distinguished professor," a device that allows the university to exceed authorized salaries to attract better teachers. Taking a strong stand against segregation, he has worked to increase black enrollment (103 out of 6,000). He shows a thoughtful understanding of student dissent and told a group of Memphis businessmen this year that sending in police is bad because it drives uncommitted students to support radicals. Heard urges instead that college administration mistakes be rectified and that the nation "get on with solving the problems our children are so sensitive to."

At Columbia (enrollment: 18,000), Heard would find troubles that dwarf any he encountered in Nashville. The university faces the possibility of more disruptions by radical students this fall. Its newly established student-faculty governing committee, set up to make the university administration more democratic, is still untested. Several of the professional schools have encroached upon the power of the presidency, and the university expects a crushing \$11 million budget deficit next year.

Thus many of the tactics Heard has used at Vanderbilt could be applied to Columbia with good effect. There is one exception: if the 7,062-man Columbia faculty and staff were to produce written job appraisals as detailed as those submitted to him at Vanderbilt, the assembled report might well be 109,027 pages long and 33 feet high.

STUDENTS

How Radicals Spend Their Summer

Having alienated themselves from most of society's cherished institutions, radical students dedicated to their cause are now abandoning another: the summer vacation. In cities across the country they are working overtime during the hot summer months, while campuses are cool, to revolutionize society and plan future assaults on the established order. One of the top national leaders of the Students for a Democratic Society says, "For S.D.S. people, there is no summer vacation. We see ourselves working 18 hours a day forever. We're in this for a lifetime."

One of the highest-priority aims of the radicals, to win over the "working class" to their beliefs, may well take that long—if it is ever achieved. Months ago, before the S.D.S. split into two factions over ideological disagreements at its June convention in Chicago, the S.D.S. determined that it would renew and intensify its efforts to infiltrate labor and create a revolutionary worker-student alliance. Similar "work-in" pro-

ocracy. Her son, James I of England, was affected, as are several living European aristocrats who cooperated in the study but asked that they not be identified. In a similar fashion, Queen Victoria—whose father, the Duke of Kent, showed signs of porphyria—passed hemophilia on to generations of male European royalty.

Textbook Case. Porphyria was unknown in clinical jargon before the 20th century, and is still not fully understood. It is a group of diseases with many different signs and symptoms. "In some of them the only problem is the undue sensitivity of the skin to sunlight," wrote Professor Abe Goldberg of Glasgow's Western Infirmary in 1966. In others, "the normal life of the patient may be shattered by devastating attacks of abdominal pain, paralysis of limbs, and profound mental upset."

One sign, however, may occur in any variety of porphyria—darkening of the urine, which frequently turns the color of port wine. The discoloration is caused by the presence of porphyrins, purple pigments contained in every cell of the human body and responsible for the red color of blood. In porphyria a metabolic defect results in an excess of porphyrins and their byproducts.

George III's illness, say Macalpine and Hunter, reads "like a textbook case." His first severe attack occurred in 1788, when he was 50 years old, and lasted for seven months. Starting with acute abdominal pain, weakness of the limbs and the classic discolored urine, his symptoms progressed through insomnia, headache and restlessness to delirium, convulsions and stupor. Even after his condition improved, George suffered periods during which his doctors said "wrong ideas" took hold of him. In 1810, he became so ill that he was incapacitated for the rest of his life, and his son, as Prince Regent, assumed the King's duties. George died at 81, one month after a turbulent attack during which he went 58 hours without sleep.

Equally Unkind. The standard treatment for insanity in George III's day was coercion and restraint. If he refused to eat because he had difficulty swallowing, or if he was too restless to lie down, his attendants would put him in a straitjacket.

Historians have been equally unkind, characterizing him as neurotically irritable at some times and unrealistically stubborn at others. Some attribute his firm anticolonial policy during the American Revolution to outright madness. The findings of Drs. Macalpine and Hunter require a modification of this view to take his physical illness into account. The new evidence may also explain the mysterious deaths of several of his ancestors and collateral relatives, including James I's son Henry and George's sister Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark and Norway. Both were rumored to have been poisoned by close relatives. Both actually may have died of the royal malady.

EVERYBODY WHO'S BEEN TO THE MOON IS EATING STOUFFER'S.

When the Apollo 11 astronauts got back to down-to-earth food, they got back to Stouffer's. For four good reasons: flavor, quality of ingredients, convenience and careful preparation.

Of all the foods on earth, Stouffer's Frozen Foods met or exceeded every NASA specification.

So, 14 Stouffer's main dishes, side dishes and meat pies are featured on the menu throughout the critical postlunar quarantine period.

One more interesting thing. Stouffer's made this food for the astronauts exactly as they make it for you. Nothing more. Nothing less.

For the people you love, Stouffer's plays it straight.

Stouffer's
Frozen Prepared Foods

We have an answer
to your traffic traumas.



It reposes nicely
in small parking places.
Soars from 0-to-60
in 16 seconds.

Has a passing gear that
deftly whips you around
little old ladies.



And provides
a soothingly quiet interior—
air conditioned
if you like.

We call our answer the
Toyota Corona.

TOYOTA
We're quality oriented

MSRP: Hardtop, \$2135; 4 Dr. Sedan, \$1950. White sidewall tires, accessories, options, freight and taxes extra. Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc., 3855 W. 106th St., Torrance, CA 90504
Imported car of the Year

grams had been attempted before on a smaller scale, but this time the campaign was planned in detail. A lengthy *Work-in Organizers Manual* was circulated among S.D.S. chapters. At the convention, both factions endorsed the alliance concept, although in somewhat differing forms.

Class Perspective. The manual told students how to get jobs: "You're not afraid to work is the idea to get across"; "Don't dress like a slob." It also explained how to act: "Don't talk to workers like you know everything and they know nothing." It summed up the program's purpose: To get across "the identity of interests of students and workers" and spell out "the relationship of the Viet Nam and the other imperialist wars to their immediate demands, to the fact that they and their sons die in the war, that it is a war for the rich—the class perspective." During the work-in, students were to challenge racism among white workers, to explain their campus goals, and to "break down bourgeois, elitist ideas in ourselves" about workers.

The student drive brought an alarmed response from business associations and Chambers of Commerce. They held briefings and sent out thousands of letters informing executives about the program and recommending screening procedures to keep activists off payrolls. J. Edgar Hoover warned that union members would face "fanatic, anarchist revolutionaries" who have left behind them "a bitter wake of arson, vandalism, bombings and destruction across the nation" and who believe that "unions should be destroyed, along with the Government, the military, private industry and law enforcement." New York's Commerce and Industry Association held a meeting, closed to outsiders, at which 250 executives were given lengthy, detailed counsel on methods of blocking the infiltrators.

Actually, only a few hundred militant students, perhaps 1,000, have found jobs in parking lots, factories and warehouses, where they are trying to put across their message in talks with small groups and individuals. Their reception has been cool, if not hostile; most of the industrial workers have no patience with revolutionary jargon and little sympathy for comparatively privileged college students who spout it. The president of the Brewery Workers Union, Karl F. Feller, says: "A well-placed list could be the welcome that awaits S.D.S. revolutionaries," and a Chicago United Automobile Workers' spokesman says, "Those kids couldn't organize their way out of a paper bag."

Activists not attracted by the call of the assembly line have focused on com-

munity organization projects, propagandizing and planning. In Boston, 200 radicals are attending a nine-week "Movement School," at which they are to develop a "critique of American society" and plan future tactics. Members of the Peace and Freedom Party are canvassing door to door in favor of rent control in Cambridge, where Harvard's expansion has contributed to a severe housing shortage. Other students are engaged in draft-resistance counseling, mobilizing high school youths and running newspaper and film projects.

A more dramatic move is in the making at Stanford, where student radicals are developing plans for a week-long series of demonstrations to be held during the International Industrial Con-



"DON'T BUG ME, BOY!"

ference at San Francisco in September. The conference will bring together 500 heads of major industrial, technological and financial firms like U.S. Steel, IBM, Royal/Dutch Petroleum and the Chase Manhattan Bank in a top level gathering that the students say "is designed to consolidate the dominion of the multinational corporations in the third world."

All across the country, radical groups are working intensively on plans for a massive descent on Chicago in mid-October. They claim that as many as 30,000 students will gather there to protest the war and demonstrate their support for the Black Panthers and for the "Conspiracy 8," who are charged with conspiring to incite riots at the Chicago Democratic convention last year. For sheer propaganda, however, nothing the activists are planning or doing is likely to equal the summer project of ex-S.D.S. Organizer Rennie Davis and Detroit's Linda Evans, an S.D.S. leader. They are presently in Hanoi as members of the U.S. delegation invited to escort homeward the three U.S. prisoners of war whose release was promised by the North Vietnamese early in July in observance of America's Independence Day.

MILESTONES

Divorced. By Sir Joshua Hassan, 53, chief minister of Gibraltar: Lady Daniela Hassan, 48, his Spanish wife; after 24 years of marriage, two children; in Gibraltar, Sir Joshua angered the Rock's mainly Roman Catholic citizenry and embarrassed the British government by getting his divorce with a private member's bill that he rammed through the legislative assembly—all of which may damage his bid for another term in this week's elections.

Died. The Rev. A. D. Williams King, 38, younger brother of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and himself an active civil rights leader; of accidental drowning in his swimming pool; in Atlanta. For years, "A.D." as he was called, worked in his brother's shadow as an organizer and detail man. In 1963, after the Ku Klux Klan bombed his home, he led movements for racial integration in Birmingham and open housing in Louisville. In 1968, he assumed his slain brother's co-pastorate at the Ebenezer Baptist Church in Atlanta.

Died. Charlotte Armstrong, 64, grande dame of American suspense novelists; of cancer; in Glendale, Calif. Occasional poet, fashion reporter and playwright, Miss Armstrong turned mistress of the macabre with the 1942 publication of *Lay On, Mac Duff*; she went on to write more than a score of chillers, and in 1957 won the Mystery Writers of America's Edgar Allan Poe Award for *A Dram of Poison*. "Maybe we are all potential murderers," she once said, "and reading stories about that crime releases us in some way."

Died. Sidney Weinberg, 77, financial giant who deserved the sobriquet "Mr. Wall Street" (see BUSINESS).

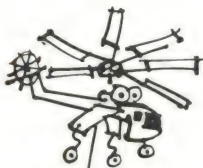
Died. Hallie Flanagan Davis, 78, director from 1935 to 1939 of the New Deal's WPA Theater Project; of Parkinson's disease; in Old Tappan, N.J. Unemployment was skyrocketing in the Depression-bound U.S. theater when Mrs. Davis, who founded Vassar College's Experimental Theater, was asked to help the show go on. She established theaters in 40 cities across the country, opened up jobs for some 13,000 actors, directors and theater workers, and helped introduce such playwrights as Christopher Marlowe, Maxwell Anderson and Clifford Odets.

Died. Mrs. Helen de Young Cameron, 86, matriarch of San Francisco high society, wealthy daughter of Michel H. de Young, co-founder of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, who for half a century was a notable patron of the arts, and a director of both the symphony and opera associations; of a heart attack; at Rosecourt, her pink-stucco chateau in suburban Hillsborough.

VIPs on super-tight schedules find
that helicopters help them make very
important dates.

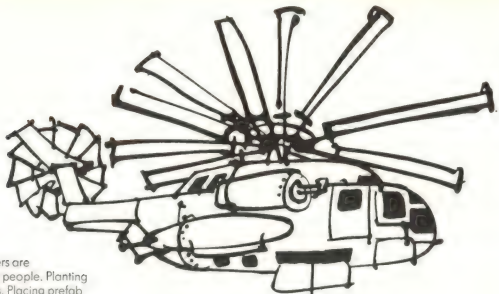


The Helicopter: What's it done for you lately?



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are speeding ever-heavier loads
to where they're needed in a hurry.





Our helicopters are airlifting all kinds of people. Planting transmission towers. Placing prefab building sections. Delivering supplies to our fighting men, and our men from tight spots.

We're out to make helicopters even more useful to more people. By cutting operating costs. Boosting speed and range. And payloads. And versatility: future helicopters that whisk commuters to and from work will also be able to heft big loads of cargo.

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Helicopters have been getting
a lot of people out of trouble...

100 Myers

BUSINESS

THE PAINFUL PROCESS OF SLOWING DOWN

STEPS to restrain an overgrowing economy and control inflation never begin to take effect for at least six months. Paul McCracken, the President's chief economist, rather charitably calls that tense period of waiting and watching "the awkward months." Last week, seven months after Washington's policymakers set the anti-inflationary course of tight money and tough budgeting, there were indications that the economic slowdown is starting.

By the yardstick that is most apparent to Americans—prices—the economic situation is more alarming than ever. The Labor Department reported

only. Retail sales leveled off months ago, and auto sales have turned sluggish. New orders for durable goods declined 3% in June. For the first time in eleven months, manufacturers were filling old orders faster than new business was coming in. So far in 1969, the gross national product has risen at a real annual rate of only 2.4%, compared with the 6% increase of 1968's first half. The real growth of the nation's economy has moved down in each of the past four quarters.

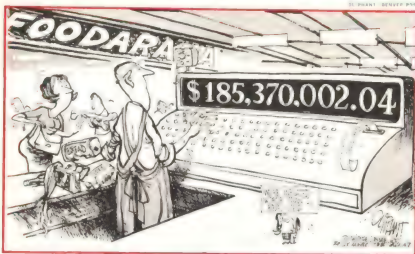
Most important of all is business's spending on new plant and equipment, which is the major thrust behind the

does International Harvester, which has scrapped plans to expand its network of offices around the country.

Many other companies, including Consolidated Foods, Scripto and Burlington Industries, are turning a hard eye on expansion plans, especially for 1970. "We'll spend around \$275 million this year, as we had figured to do," says Goodyear Chairman Russell DeYoung. "But next year we'll be looking at all our proposed projects with more caution. Possibly outlay will be down." Adds a Firestone official: "Some cutbacks are likely next year." Demand for business loans has begun to taper. The Federal Reserve Board last week announced that loans at major banks declined in July for two weeks, dropping by \$262 million to \$78.3 billion. One consequence is that interest rates are beginning to lessen, if ever so slightly. A string of three big recent bond issues—Weyerhaeuser, National Cash and Dow Chemical—all sold at successively lower yields, ranging downward from 7.75 to 7.65.

Margin Calls. Inflation usually stimulates the stock market, but Washington's anti-inflationary moves are now badly hurting shareholders. The Dow-Jones industrial average has dropped more than 150 points since it reached the year's high of 969 in May. Last week it fell precipitously, closing at 818, lowest in 24 years. Many speculative stocks have been cut in half. The mutual funds are sitting on the sidelines, holding tremendous sums of cash and waiting for the market to hit a bottom. The slide has forced some brokers and bankers to make margin calls, and it is even pinching a number of big firms. As it scurried to raise new funds to meet New York Stock Exchange capital requirements, McDonnell & Co. went so far as to sell one of its three seats on the Big Board. The sale brought only \$375,000, which represented a \$140,000 drop in seat prices since April. Other Wall Street firms that have had capital difficulties include Nuveen and First Hanover Corp.

In its timing and steepness, the Dow's 16% decline so far this year bears a chilling similarity to the 1966 plunge, when the index declined 25% from February to October. Could history repeat? Both market slides began with worries about over speculation and increases in bank interest rates. There are, however, important differences. In both 1966 and 1969, the Federal Reserve Board tried to control the expansion of credit by restricting the money supply. But in 1966, the board moved clumsily, swerving at midyear from monetary expansion at a 6% yearly rate to contraction at a 2%



last week that consumer prices spurted at an annual rate of 7.2% in June, double May's increase. The rise was led by the higher cost of food, particularly meat. But prices should begin to slow down later this year as lagging beef and pork production picks up, and as unsustainably high rises in services and medical costs taper off. Clothing and furniture prices should level out this month. Nevertheless, over the past twelve months, the dollar has shrunk in value to 95¢.

The consumer is paying a record \$1.33 a lb. for round steak and 48¢ a lb. for tomatoes. Admittedly, he is more able than before to foot the bill. After declining for some time, the average U.S. worker's real purchasing power has begun to climb because most wage increases are now exceeding rises in the cost of living. Personal income, as reported by the Commerce Department last week, has risen by 9% this year over the first half of last year.

Capital Change. Despite all this, however, there are other signals that show a downturn in the overall econ-

omy. Retail sales leveled off months ago, and auto sales have turned sluggish. New orders for durable goods declined 3% in June. For the first time in eleven months, manufacturers were filling old orders faster than new business was coming in. So far in 1969, the gross national product has risen at a real annual rate of only 2.4%, compared with the 6% increase of 1968's first half. The real growth of the nation's economy has moved down in each of the past four quarters.

Lower Yields. In general, only companies with earnings problems are actually cutting their 1969 spending. Chrysler Corp., whose earnings plunged 51% last quarter, has deeply slashed its \$300 million capital-spending plans for 1969. At New Stanton, Pa., construction of a \$200 million assembly plant was halted even as the steel was going up. B. F. Goodrich, which is trying to fatten earnings and fend off a takeover attempt by Northwest Industries, plans to trim its 1969 spending. So

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Optics Technology, Inc. makes lasers.

They started 9 years ago. And now this new form of light has become the hottest scientific development since the transistor.

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The people of Optics Technology know all about it. Art Schawlow co-invented the laser. Narinder Kapany pioneered fiber optics.

Our job as their insurance company isn't easy. We have to understand the concepts in each area of their business. We have to know each new risk. Each new venture.

It takes work to keep on top of it all. But if we do our job right, then that leaves them free to do their job right.

That's the Wausau Story.

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of Wausau



Once, it belonged to poets and lovers.



Then it became a dream of man.
And what man dares to dream,
he achieves.

His path now etches the face of the
moon, even as his ancestors scratched
their way across the face of the earth.

It is a victory for all men. It is
especially sweet for those who went
and for those of us who in some way
or another helped to send them.

We eagerly look forward to the day
when the only purpose for
rockets will be man's restless search
for new horizons.

Honeywell supplied the stabilization and control
systems for all Apollo Spacecraft.

Honeywell
AUTOMATION



AIRLINES Mayday in the Market

In the earlier years of the jet age, swiftly growing travel and the sheer efficiency of the new planes sent airline stocks soaring—in some cases more than 1,000%. "Many a house was built on the profits that people made from 1961 through 1966 in their airline investments," says Bache & Co. Analyst Henry Siegel. Now the airline stocks are no longer the high and the mighty. They are among the leaders in the market's decline, down as a group by 37% since the beginning of the year. The drop is accelerating: the index of air stocks fell by a startling 11% in five trading days two weeks ago and again by 6% last week. TWA, Pan American and Western Airlines skipped their second-quarter dividends because of sharply reduced earnings.

Costly Stocks. The industry makes no attempt to gloss over the serious deterioration of its finances. To get at least temporary relief, it is negotiating in Washington for the second fare increase this year. Air travel has traditionally reflected the ups and downs of the U.S. economy, since, as one airline executive puts it, "vacation dollars are expendable dollars." Inflation and the incipient economic slowdown have cut into travel for both business and pleasure. In the first six months of 1969, passenger travel rose 11% from the 1968 level, 4% less than anticipated. During June, six of the eleven trunk carriers reported significantly lower increases.

To break even, generally 50% of the seats on jets have to be filled. The load factor, which averaged 53.7% in the first half of 1968, was down to 50.3% this year. Industry analysts say that every 1% drop in the load factor costs American Airlines, for example, at least \$10 million in annual earnings.

Much of the trouble is the result of fierce competition among the carriers. They keep adding bigger and costlier planes to their fleets and try to attract more business with lures like family-fare reductions. Northeast Airlines had a first-half loss of \$1,289,000. At least some of that can be attributed to the galloping price of beef—and Northeast's high cost of living up to its billing as "the all-steak airline."

New Routes. The competition is heightened by the Civil Aeronautics Board, which generously grants new routes to satisfy every line so far as possible. After ten years of investigations, reviews, reversals and reappraisals, the CAB last week brought the hotly contentious Hawaii-route case to a characteristically unsatisfactory close. Where only Pan American, Northwest and United Airlines have competed in the past, eight carriers will now vie for a share of the market. As a result, profits

on the Hawaii run are likely to be marginal at best. In anticipation of the award, Western Airlines alone added 35 planes to its fleet, and it blames the delay in the CAB ruling for 31% of the line's \$5,100,000 loss during the first five months of 1969. The long-disputed South Pacific route award finally went to American Airlines, which will fly to Australia, the Fiji Islands and New Zealand. In addition, the CAB last week granted new or extended routes to twelve domestic airlines in the vast "Southern Tier" stretching from Florida to California.

The airlines have some huge bills coming due. They are beginning to pay for the \$10.3 billion in new equipment that they have ordered, including the 374-passenger Boeing 747 jets that will go into service before year's end. In the tight money market, they have to pay about 9% interest on borrowed money. To avoid sinking deeper and deeper into debt, they must get a return of at least 10.5% on their capital investment. Last year their return was only 5.3%.

The jumbo jets may cut operating expenses about 25%. But before the money-saving giants start taking off, airmen expect damaging labor strikes. The first strikes will probably hit in early August and could force some cancellations of vacation flights. As much as 45% of an airline's operational expenses consists of labor costs. Every additional wage increase would cut closer to the quick. In the longer run, some mergers seem almost inevitable to reduce the problems of climbing costs and too much competition for too little traffic. If the U.S. can get by with only four auto manufacturers, it should be able to make do with fewer than eleven trunk carriers and scores of regional and non-scheduled lines.

DAVID KAHN



IDLING AT LA GUARDIA TICKET COUNTERS
Every little bit hurts.

* The company calculates that the average freshly broiled steak dinner served aloft costs \$2.65.

rate. Credit evaporated, investor buying power disappeared, and stocks collapsed. This year the money supply has expanded at a modest annual rate of about 24%—just enough, FRB Chairman William McChesney Martin hopes, to accomplish "disinflation without deflation." There is no sign that the FRB will soon make money any easier.

Disheartening Earnings. The stock market faces some problems it did not have in 1966. Investors are worried about the likelihood of higher taxes on capital gains and a reduction in the oil-depletion allowance (see THE NATION). Corporate profits are another disheartening factor. Earnings remained at record levels all through the 1966 market slide. This year most companies reported rises for the second quarter, but there have been some major exceptions, notably in steel, autos and airlines (see following story). Compared with the second quarter of last year, earnings fell 17% at Kaiser Industries, 17% at General Motors and 33% at Inland Steel. The general expectation is for little improvement over the rest of the year and quite possibly a profit decline later in 1969. Some bankers and businessmen fear that the Government's tough policy may tip the economy into a recession—or worse.

Is anything like that really in prospect for the foreseeable future? Probably not. One primary cause of recessions is top-heavy business inventories. In 1966, companies unwisely kept on piling up stocks of goods even as sales were falling; they then had to liquidate quickly, and the result was a steep drop in production—and the "mini-recession" of 1967. An encouraging sign this year is that inventories have been closely keeping pace with sales, and businessmen—having learned from the past—are not overstocked.



L & M COMMERCIAL
Switching the battleground.

TOBACCO

The Dike Breaks

In an unexpected about-face, the tobacco industry last week moved toward a nearly unconditional surrender in the heated battle over cigarette advertising. Speaking for the nine U.S. cigarette manufacturers, Philip Morris Chairman Joseph Cullman III told the Senate Consumer Subcommittee that the industry was prepared to end all advertising on TV and radio on Dec. 31, if the broadcasters would go along, and in any case by September 1970, when current contracts expire.

The proposal meant victory for critics of the cigarette, notably the Federal Communications Commission, which earlier this year threatened to order all cigarette commercials off the air waves. Both the FCC and the Federal Trade Commission promised to drop their proposals for stern regulatory action if the industry could make its plan work. Utah Democrat Frank Moss, the nonsmoking Mormon who heads the consumer subcommittee and is the leading tobacco opponent in the Senate, said happily that "the dike has been broken."

Unhappy Broadcasters. Cullman's capitulation caught broadcasters by surprise. They had proposed to phase out cigarette ads over a three-year period beginning in January 1970. Such ads mean some \$225 million a year to media broadcasters, and they had hoped that their schedule would ease the economic jolt. When the tobacco men made their proposal, they asked for protection against antitrust action. They were concerned that broadcasters might sue for treble damages on grounds that the cigarette companies acted in collusion. The possibility may not be so remote. The National Association of Broadcasters is determined to fight any antitrust exemptions for cigarette makers.

Opinions vary on just how—and how much—sales will be affected by an advertising fadeout on the air waves. In Britain, where cigarette ads were banned from TV in 1965, sales dipped at first, then recovered and went to new highs. In the U.S., per capita sales began declining last year, partly because young-

sters no longer feel the social need to smoke. They have been increasingly concerned about the health hazards, particularly since mid-1967, when the networks were forced to air antismoking commercials on TV. Indeed, the tobacco men's decision to turn off their tremendously expensive and competitive TV campaigns may well have been helped along by the prospect that broadcasters would in turn be allowed to jettison the antismoking spots. FTC Chairman Paul Rand Dixon suggests that broadcasters should keep right on giving free air time to antismoking ads.

Tobacco men may try to attract customers by spending more heavily for coupons and perhaps contests. They may also bring out more and more new brands. Chairman Robert Walker of American Brands (Pall Mall, Lucky Strike) says that "the battleground for cigarette sales will probably switch to other media."

Mostly Adults. Newspaper and magazine publishers, unlike broadcasters, are not federally licensed and are protected under the First Amendment's freedom-of-speech provision. Few publications plan voluntarily to stop such advertising in the near future, since it brought them \$50 million in revenues last year. They also argue that printed ads appeal mostly to adults and are less intrusive than TV commercials, which often run while children are viewing. Even so, Senator Moss has warned publishers to accept "massive print advertising campaigns" and urged them to "maintain current ratios" of cigarette to non-cigarette advertising. Quite likely, publishers will feel increasing moral pressure to drop cigarette ads.

STEEL

Midgets Beat Giants

When Manhattan's World Trade Center is topped off in 1974, it will turn part of the run-down lower West Side into a capital of banking, shipping, customs and other international trade services. The twin 110-story towers will require 190,000 tons of steel. Last week steelmen were debating some unusual details of the bidding for that job. More than that, builders were wondering whether the Port of New York Authority's unorthodox contracts for the supply, fabrication and erection of all that metal may lead to a new way of doing business with steel producers.

Out with the Offers. Negotiations started routinely enough in 1964. The Port Authority asked only U.S. Steel and Bethlehem Steel for preliminary estimates, assuming that those two giants alone had the capacity to fill such a huge order. Both companies sent in estimates and draft contracts calling for a total charge of just under \$82 million. Two years passed before the Authority sent each company the final specifications for a binding bid. Then U.S. Steel raised its bid to \$122.2 million, and Bethlehem came in at \$118.1 million.

Stunned by the increases, the Authority junked the bids. It parceled out the work to 13 smaller companies under 15 separate contracts totaling \$85.4 million. Now, the Justice Department is looking into the case to decide whether price-fixing or some other collusion was involved in the soaring bids by U.S. and Bethlehem.

Steel executives disclaim any fixing. They argue that the job would have

Shopping for Red Chinese Goodies

FORBIDDEN fruit always tastes sweetest, and that is one reason why U.S. travelers in the Orient have often been tempted to buy goods made in Red China. Not until last week did the State Department helatelly drop its total prohibition against such imports and declare that returning tourists may bring back \$100 worth of Chinese merchandise (see THE NATION). The dispensation delighted shopkeepers in Singapore and along Hong Kong's sleazy Upper and Lower Lascar Row ("Cat Street"). In some of the larger Peking-controlled emporiums in Hong Kong, English-speaking shopgirls stood like smiling spring flowers beneath red banners and Mao portraits, waiting to take some of the capital out of the capitalist.

What should the tourist buy? Certainly not Chinese clothes, leather goods or toys, which in general are costlier or less stylish than those from other countries. Chinese ivory is not so fine as Thailand's. High-quality Chinese jade is exorbitant; an inch-

long pendant, for example, sells for about \$800.

In Singapore, probably the best shopping center for Peking products, worthwhile buys range from lower-quality jade rings to ground deer horns, which are reputed to be an aphrodisiac. For his \$100, a U.S. traveler can bring home a six-color jade bracelet at \$30, a 17-piece embroidered linen place-mat setting at \$25, a 2-ft. by 4-ft. Tientsin carpet at \$16, a man's pure silk dressing gown at \$10.50, a porcelain coffee set at \$6, two pairs of children's brocade pajamas at \$4, a cloisonné ware ashtray at \$2.50 and a hand-painted silk scroll at \$1.85. Total cost: \$95.85.

Hong Kong offers gold-painted, hand-carved wood panels from temples (\$10), lacquered tray sets (\$40), fine porcelain vases (\$30 and up) and embroidered tablecloths with matching napkins (\$12 to \$60). For anyone tired of the same old cocktails every night, one interesting bargain is rice wine from the mainland at 80¢ a pint.

100%

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Double the mileage proven in tests!

We tested our new belted bias tire against two-ply tires that came on most '69 cars. And the results proved our lower, wider Atlas Plycron 2 plus 2* gives you twice the mileage!

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This rugged "tread-saver" construction helps reduce scuff and squirm. Just one of the many reasons why the tread lasts and lasts—twice as long.

Our safety pluses!

Our combination of fiberglass belts and blended chlorobutyl liner gives you extra resistance to cuts and punctures. And our new nine-rib tread design gives you 26% more gripping edges than two-ply new car tires... for better all-around traction. See your Atlas dealer soon. And get 100% more mileage on the new Atlas Plycron 2 plus 2.

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tied up such a large share of the facilities of U.S. Steel or Bethlehem that both companies had to add unusually large contingency costs to their bids. Defenders of the big firms also say that the smaller companies are using much low-cost Japanese steel and that the Port Authority loosened the specifications to enable the smaller firms to bid low. However, an Authority consultant maintains: "The number of tons, the character of the work, the size of the job, and the difficulty of erection were the same."

In on the Action. Executives of some of the smaller companies admit that a desire to get a piece of the huge job prompted them to submit unusually attractive bids. Charles M. Pigott, president of Pacific Car and Foundry Co., says: "It's a more complex job than we anticipated. We don't expect to make any money." Other companies claim to be satisfied with their profits.

U.S. and Bethlehem refuse to comment. The Port Authority reports only that the intricacies of multiple-contract construction—in some cases seven companies are providing steel for a single floor of the Trade Center—have caused no delays or problems. If so, other steel users may find that parceling out work among small firms is less expensive and more efficient than awarding it to the lumbering giants.

MONEY

As Good as Gold

After five years of haggling, the ten major financial powers of the non-Communist world agreed last week in Paris to introduce an international money: paper gold. Called Special Drawing Rights, or SDRs, the new reserves will reduce nations' dependence on the diminishing supply of real gold in global finance and create new assets to sustain the growth of world trade. The SDRs will exist only in the ledgers of the International Monetary Fund. Its 111 member nations will be able to draw on these reserves to settle accounts among themselves, and central banks will have to accept them, just like gold, dollars or pounds. The step means that the IMF may one day regulate the world's money supply the way that central banks now regulate national currencies.

SDRs will be allocated to the IMF members in proportion to their quotas in the fund. The chief beneficiaries will be the U.S. and Britain. Under the deal reached in Paris, \$3.5 billion in SDRs will be issued next year. More than \$700 million will go to the U.S. An additional \$3 billion will be issued in each of the succeeding two years. That is not quite as much as the U.S. hoped for as a start, but it is more than Continental nations wanted.

This compromise still has to be approved by several governments and finally by the IMF at its annual meeting in September. But agreement among the group of ten leading contributors to the IMF makes SDRs as good as gold.

WALL STREET

A Nice Guy from Brooklyn

To account for Sidney J. Weinberg's success by saying that he was a nice guy seems singularly naive. His achievements and influence were far too extraordinary for so simple an explanation. For decades he was Mr. Wall Street, the director's director, the master floater of securities issues, the headhunter who as Washington's top-dollar-a-year man brought hordes of high-powered executives to the capital to organize and run the World War II and Korean mobilization efforts. He served as informal

in advance. In his career, he sat on the boards of more than 30 companies, including Ford, Sears, Goodrich, General Electric and General Foods.

Weinberg was the son of a Polish-born liquor dealer, and his formal education ended with graduation from P.S. 13 in Brooklyn. The short, bespectacled Jewish boy began his career during the Panic of 1907 by going to a Wall Street skyscraper, knocking on the door of every office and asking if the company needed help. When he got to the Goldman, Sachs office, he was taken on as a porter's assistant. A large part of his ability to win financiers' con-

fidence was that he not only did not hide this background but even exploited the curiosity value it gave him on Wall Street. Until his death, he kept on display in his office the brass spittoon that he had supposedly polished as his first job at Goldman, Sachs.

Weinberg was noted for straightforward talk and a rapier wit that deflated his listeners without offending them. According to Wall Street legend, the head of a rival firm once impressed directors of a company about to float a securities issue by bringing his father, a revered financier, to a sales presentation. Weinberg, tipped by telephone that he had better do something quickly, hurried to the meeting. His opening words: "I'm sorry, gentlemen. My father is dead. But I have an uncle over in Brooklyn who is a tailor and who looks like him, and if that would mean anything to you I'd be glad to bring him over." When the directors stopped laughing, Goldman, Sachs got the underwriting.

He was too busy with underwritings, Government work and innumerable directors' meetings to make as much money for himself as he could have. Estimates of his personal wealth ranged only up to \$5 million—not much for the biggest little giant in Wall Street. Though his fame eventually grew to the point that Goldman, Sachs executives used to parade visitors to his office to show him off, Weinberg was a dedicated behind-the-scenes man. He lured top executives to Washington largely by telling them that serving their country was more important than anything else that they could do.

From someone else that might have sounded pretentious, but Weinberg's own insistence on working in Washington, nearly always without formal title or office, made it convincing. He declined many offers of highly visible Government jobs, including, after the 1936 election, one from Franklin Roosevelt to become ambassador to Russia. His explanation to friends: "I don't speak Russian—who the hell could I talk to over there?"



SIDNEY WEINBERG & FRIENDS

The quality was trust.

financial adviser to five Presidents, from F.D.R. to L.B.J., and was at different times a big fund raiser for both parties. Throughout U.S. industry, scores of high executives owed their jobs to a Weinberg introduction or recommendation.

Yet when he died last week at 77, the best way that associates could find to explain his success was to note that he had an extraordinary ability to make people like and trust him. So they sought his advice, followed his call to Washington and, when they had new securities to market, brought them to him at Goldman, Sachs & Co., the investment banking house in which Weinberg was senior partner.

The Right Price. There was more, of course. He had a fine sense of the exact price to put on a new securities issue, just enough to tempt investors to buy. In the 1930s, when company boards usually did little but give ceremonious approval to management decisions, he popularized the role of the working director—demanding that management circulate agendas for board meetings and supply directors with figures to study

JAPAN'S STRUGGLE TO COPE WITH PLENTY

It would not be surprising if the 21st Century turned out to be the Japanese Century.

—Herman Kahn

ECONOMICALLY, that prophecy might be coming true ahead of time. The impact of Japan's industrial machine, the fastest growing and now the second largest in the non-Communist world, is felt in every corner of the earth. In Europe, businessmen simultaneously worry about competition from Japanese goods and depend on Japanese-built supertankers to move Mideast oil to them despite the 26-month closing

with exports while keeping their own economy insulated from foreign goods and capital. These new problems confuse and disturb the Japanese. Kiuchi Miyazawa, a leading economist, sums up the mood: "For years, our people learned to cope with poverty. We do not yet know how to cope with plentifulness."

Open the Door. This week Japanese leaders will move toward a confrontation on one of their major problems—trade relations with the U.S. Members of the Japanese and U.S. Cabinets will gather in Tokyo for one of their periodic meetings. The U.S. will be represented by the State Department's Wil-

seeking. In most companies, reports TIME Correspondent Frank Iwama, this process is symbolized by the long row of printed boxes running down the side of policy papers. Every executive involved must put his "chop" (mark) in a box, signifying his agreement, before any decision can be moved along. The next step is to present the decision to one of the "day clubs" of supposed competitors that meet regularly to shape policy for groups of companies. Consensus reached in one of these clubs must then be presented to the government, which supplies an average of 80% of the capital on which Japanese firms op-



CARS AT NAGOYA AWAITING EXPORT TO U.S.



TRAINING INDIAN RICE GROWERS

Jarring transition from super-precocious adolescence to maturity.

of the Suez Canal. In tiny mountain towns of Western Canada, long-unemployed miners are going back to work to dig the coal needed to fill a new \$600 million order from Japanese steel mills. Ideologically impartial, Japanese industrialists trade with Peking and Taiwan, cut timber in Siberia and make 70% of the baseball gloves sold in the U.S. Japanese experts are training rice farmers in India, and fishermen in Ceylon, building drydocks in Singapore and generally doing more than U.S. foreign-aid officials to develop the economies of many Asian nations.

This explosive growth and new power, however, have brought Japan's economy to a difficult stage of decision. As TIME's Tokyo Bureau Chief Ed Reinhold reports, more and more Japanese leaders realize that their economy has to make the jarring transition from super-precocious adolescence to maturity. At home, Japanese consumers complain that they have been left behind in the scramble for export markets, and they are clamoring for more of the rewards of industrial expansion. Abroad, many of Japan's best trading partners are becoming increasingly impatient with the way that its businessmen flood the world

with liam Rogers, Commerce's Maurice Stans and Agriculture's Clifford Hardin, as well as Paul McCracken, the President's chief economic adviser. They will urge their Japanese counterparts to start removing import quotas on 120 products, and move faster in approving requests from U.S. companies that want to set up joint ventures in Japan to build cars, electronic components and other high-technology products. Relations between the U.S. and Japan are becoming steadily closer—and closeness creates friction.

If Japan does not liberalize its economy, the U.S. and other nations may well intensify an already strong backlash against Japanese exports. The U.S. restricts imports of Japanese steel and threatens to set quotas on textiles (TIME, July 4). Thailand recently banned imports of Japanese used cars and tires until Tokyo agrees to buy more Thai rubber and corn.

A Place for Everyone. Protectionism is deeply rooted in the Japanese way of doing business. In Japanese industry, every person and every business has a place, which is guarded by elaborate rituals. Businesses reach decisions by an exquisitely deliberate process of consensus

erate. It is also legal for industry associations to make the kind of decisions that U.S. competitors could never get away with. For example, they can determine how much each company in an industry should cut production during a recession.

This cozy system is capable of enormous dynamism. Once a decision has been reached, everyone who participated works single-mindedly to carry it out. But foreign companies are kept out of Japan largely because they might not abide by decisions of the day clubs, and those that are allowed in are prevented from becoming too pushy.

The Effluent Society. The consensus system also operates to perpetuate some startling inefficiencies that tend to keep consumers from sharing fully in Japan's industrial growth. Businessmen abroad complain about the low prices of Japanese exports, but prices inside Japan have been rising at close to the fastest rate in the industrialized world—5.3% last year. The 102 million Japanese now own more appliances per capita than any people except Americans but have practically no room for them. Housing space in metropolitan areas averages 40 ft. per person, no more than he-

fore World War II. To millions of people jammed into the overcrowded cities, Japan's industrial might has brought not affluence but effluence. Photos taken from Apollo 9 showed thicker smog over the Tokyo Bay area than over Los Angeles, and beaches are badly polluted. The government is moving to relieve some of these ills, but has had little success coping with high prices, which are caused partly by the consensus system. In Japan, no manufacturer sells directly to a retailer. Tradition decrees that every product pass down a long line of wholesalers, mostly very small, each of whom takes a cut that adds to the price.

Jobs for Life. Consumers are left out of the consensus, and they are becoming restless. Workers strike for giant wage increases—an average 15% this year—that aggravate inflation. Labor unrest is an ominous sign of discontent, for workers have also had their guaranteed place in the semi-feudal industrial system. When a youngster fresh out of high school signs on with a company, both parties understand that he will stay on until retirement.

Japanese companies are loaded with unneeded employees who can never be fired—and this leads to relatively low productivity. On the average, the Japanese worker produces only 50% as much as the West German and 25% as much as the U.S. worker. Japan's gross national product, at \$142 billion last year, edged ahead of West Germany's largely because Japan has twice as many workers as West Germany. But this advantage may soon be weakened because Japan faces a severe labor shortage.

No More Time. Japan's leaders smile and agree that, yes, change and more competition are necessary. Toshihiko Yoshino, research director of the Bank of Japan, concedes that opening Japan to foreign businessmen would help considerably to ease inflation. But he and other leaders plead for more time to strengthen companies against aggressive foreign rivals—and time to squeeze the necessary decisions out of the consensus system. Japan's exasperated trading partners are no longer in any mood to grant that time. For instance, Japanese companies do not invest much in research, but instead rely largely on buying foreign technology. U.S. companies, in particular, no longer want only to sell technology. They want in on the Japanese market—now.

The rest of the world has a large stake in the outcome of Japan's struggle for change. A free-trading Japan, expanding its programs to develop other Asian economies, could do much to narrow the gap between the world's rich and poor countries. If Japan's businessmen can find ways to open their economy to foreign influence and domestic reform, while preserving their system's virtues of harmony and discipline, then the 21st century—and perhaps even the closing years of the 20th century—may indeed be Japan's.

Teddy White Runs Again

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1968
by Theodore White. 459 pages. Atheneum. \$10.

In two previous chronicles of President-making, Theodore H. White's talents were more than equal to the task: the creation of historical documents that read like suspense novels. This time the odds were against him. White's best reportage delineates character: portraiture is his forte. In 1968, events overshadowed individuals. It was a year of frustration and disruption, of groping and

paper clippings. From Chicago, where he was an eyewitness to the uproar in the streets during the Democratic Convention, his reaction is detached and too concerned with the pattern of the old politics. He offers little more than a neat categorization of the participants in such efforts. There are "the curious . . . who want to be able to yell, 'I see it, I see it, I see it myself.'" Next, "the crazies," identified by "their diseases (mainly venereal), their health (decayed from malnutrition and drugs) and the disturbances, rarely dangerous, of their minds." Then "the innocents [whose] morality urges them to stand witness for a cause." And finally, "those who seek to control, to move, to marshal [the crowd] into an unthinking mass of bodies."

New Portrait. White is more at home in smoke-filled rooms than tear-gassed streets (which in 1968 were probably more important). Teddy recounts in meticulous detail the cool precision of Nixon's staff as they marched unhaltingly toward victory. His cautiously sympathetic portrait of Richard Nixon is reassuring. Writes White: "There had indeed come to be a new Nixon. This one was a competent, able manager. Gone were the old pugnacity, the old sock-and-slash style, the old tendency to buckle under strain; it was a firmer, wiser, thoroughly mature man who was now in command."

There are nuggets of anecdote along the way. White places his finger firmly on some Nixon fundamentals that are just now becoming evident in the White House. "I've always thought this country could run itself domestically . . . You need a President for foreign policy," Nixon told White in 1967. He quotes an unnamed friend of L.B.J.'s recalling the President's comments on his own peacemaking efforts: "I got earphones in Moscow and Manila, earphones in Rangoon, and earphones in Hanoi, and all I hear on them is 'F— you, Lyndon Johnson.'" The historical value of other of his recollections is dubious. "Over the thirteen years that I have been following Humphrey," he writes, "I have never known any candidate who turns more to cheese as a natural provender in crisis."

After eight years and three elections, White has established his own political system. He has a vast network of friendly power brokers, governmental aides, trend watchers, reporters, poll takers and precinct vigilantes. This book is almost overwhelmed by his efforts to preserve—and not to offend—this intricate organization. Nelson Rockefeller is el-



WHITE EDITING DOCUMENTARY OF "PRESIDENT"
Events overshadowed individuals.

dismay. Many were killed, the timid ended, the vague were exalted, the hesitant lost. Finally the managers stepped in, good and gray but hardly the stuff to invigorate the imagination.

While White was dashing among the candidates—a day here with Nixon, a day there covering Romney (remember Romney?), with Rockefeller, with Robert Kennedy, even Johnson—the events that ultimately shaped the election were taking place elsewhere. In Viet Nam, the Tet offensive was finally shattering hopes for a clear-cut American military victory. On campuses across the country, a young political amateur named Alldard Lowenstein was meticulously organizing a network of students to a force that would decisively help unseat the President and carve a niche in history for Eugene McCarthy. In cities a continent apart, two maimed minds were moving nearer their appointments with infamy. And in Chicago, Mayor Richard Daley was making himself a target for protest by ordering his police, eleven days after Martin Luther King's assassination, to "shoot to kill" arsonists in time of riot.

White's reconstruction of these events often bears the pastepot smell of news-

1. Mercury MR-2, May 31, 1961 2. Mercury MR-4, July 28, 1961 3. Mercury MA-6, Feb. 20, 1962 4. Mercury MA-7, May 24, 1962 5. Mercury MA-8, Oct. 3, 1962
6. Mercury MA-9, May 15-16, 1963 7. Gemini 3, Mar. 23, 1965 8. Gemini 4, June 3-7, 1965 9. Gemini 5, Aug. 21-29, 1965 10. Gemini 7, Dec. 4-18, 1965 11. Gemini 8, Dec. 15-16, 1965
12. Gemini 8, Mar. 16, 1966 13. Gemini 8, June 3-5, 1966 14. Gemini 10, July 15-21, 1966 15. Gemini 11, Sept. 12-15, 1966 16. Gemini 12, Nov. 11-15, 1966
17. Apollo 7, Oct. 11-22, 1968 18. Apollo 8, Dec. 21-27, 1968 19. Apollo 9, Mar. 3-13, 1969 20. Apollo 10, May 18-26, 1969 21. Apollo 11, July 15-24, 1969



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evated to near sainthood before he is politically buried. Even Lyndon Johnson, suiting back on the ranch—the man who White points out was most responsible for Viet Nam, fragmented his party, nearly destroyed the nation's trust in its government—gets his requiem. "Few men have done more good in their time."

White's third account ultimately disappoints. What is bothersome in the book is bothersome in the nation. As White himself explains: "It is difficult to be precise about the nature of the nightmare year out of which came Nixon's election. No phrase, no thought can catch, hold and bind together in one frame all the roaring events, the blood and disorders, the inflation and uprisings."

Too Silent for Stalin

ISAAC BABEL: YOU MUST KNOW EVERYTHING. Edited by Nathalie Babel. Translated by Max Hayward. 283 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$5.95.

More words have been published about Isaac Babel than by him. It is a situation that would have greatly amused the Russian-Jewish short-short-story writer whose work exemplifies Pushkin's golden rule that "precision and brevity are the prime qualities of prose." As a writer who could be economical without sacrificing impact, Babel compares favorably with Chekhov. Even Hemingway, one of the most ruthless winners of prose, conceded that Babel could "clot the curds" better than he could.

Though plentiful, facts about Babel are less precise than his fiction. An obsessive craftsman, intensely jealous of his working and thinking time, he was often evasive and devious with friends and editors. There is no doubt, however, that Babel's life was brief. In 1939, after nearly a decade of playing the quiet and lucky mouse to Stalin's cat, the 44-year-old writer was snatched off to Moscow's Lubyanka prison and never heard from again. As the prison gates closed behind him, he was heard to utter, with a sly smile, "I was not given time to finish."

Babel's unpublished manuscripts were seized, and are presumed to have been destroyed during World War II. His books disappeared from the shops, and his name was stricken from *The Great Soviet Encyclopedia*. He became an Orwellian un-person. Whether Babel was shot immediately after a sham trial or died in a forced-labor camp has never been known with any certainty. After Khrushchev "rehabilitated" Babel's name in 1954, the family received only a certificate giving an official death date of March 17, 1941.

Conflicting Character. Like many other artists whose lives and works were obliterated during Stalin's purges, Babel was guilty not of disloyalty to the Revolution but of not being demonstrably loyal enough. Apparently, Stalin expected much of this stocky, near-

sighted Jew, who in the 1920s had become an overnight literary hero with *Red Cavalry*, a collection of vignettes in which Babel fictionalized his experiences as a correspondent riding with the Red Cossacks against the Poles who repulsed the Bolshevik attempt to Communize their homeland. But instead of falling into the assembly line of Social Realism, Babel fell into one of the noisiest silences in the history of modern Russian literature. Some of the reasons for Babel's failure to fulfill his production quotas are touched on by Ilya Ehrenburg, Lev Nikulin, Georgy Muntblit and Konstantin Paustovsky, writers and former friends of the author. Their reminiscences compose most of the generous appendix to *You Must Know Everything*, a collection of newly translated short stories, abrupt prose exercises and journalistic sketches gathered and annotated by Nathalie Babel, the author's daughter and dedicated literary guardian, who now lives in the U.S.

Babel was not merely compelled to rewrite a story dozens of times, as the Russian authors suggest. He seems to have been incapable of writing anything that did not follow the unique lines of his own irrational and conflicting character. For all their straightforward drama and excitement, the *Red Cavalry* stories rest on the contradiction between professional bloodletting and revolutionary ideals.

Earliest Voice. Babel himself put the matter of his individuality best. In a 1937 interview, the text of which Miss Babel has included in her book, he told the hounding members of the Union of Soviet Writers: "You talk about my silence. Let me tell you a secret. I have wasted several years trying, with due regard to my own tastes, to write lengthily, with a lot of detail and philosophy—striving for the sort of truth I have been talking about. It didn't work out with me. And so, although I'm a devotee of Tolstoy, in order to achieve something I have to work in a way opposite to his."

This individuality, which was both Babel's genius and his death warrant, comes through best in his tales of old Odessa. In them, Chekhov's melancholy, Maupassant's detachment and Gogol's grotesque wit seem to fuse into the unmistakable Babel voice. It is a voice that can be heard most simply and clearly in *You Must Know Everything*, the title story of the collection. Considered to be his earliest known fiction, the story was discovered in manuscript and published in the Soviet Union in 1965.

As in the typical autobiographical Babel childhood story, the reader slips into the author's atmosphere of old Odessa as if it were a familiar coat. Within a framework of shop-lined streets, savory meals and sturdy furnishings, the young narrator casually spins the tale of his grandmother, an embittered illiterate who urges her grandson to study hard and learn everything. To her, knowledge is not an instrument of dis-



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NATHALIE & ISAAC BABEL, PARIS, 1933
Facts less precise than the fiction.

covery but a weapon of revenge that will bring the world to its knees.

Many of the 25 stories translated by Max Hayward for this edition were published in Russia during Babel's lifetime, but only a few even begin to approach the lyrical force of such concentrated conceptions as the widely known *The Story of My Dovecot*, *Lyubka the Cossack* and *Salt*. *The Jewess*, longest story in the book and presumed to be a fragment of a proposed novel, touches on one of Babel's most forceful and most personal themes—the conflicting needs of a Soviet Jew to retain his traditions and be a correct citizen. The Jewess of the title is a country widow whose son Boris, a Bolshevik official, resettles her in a Moscow apartment. He turns the apartment into a club for his comrades, and soon Moscow Cooperative Society sausage is replaced by the old lady's gefilte fish. The story ends abruptly with a neighbor's complaint about the smell of boiled fish throughout the building. The last lines hint at ethnic and possibly political troubles in the making.

"Why," asks Daughter Nathalie, "did Babel leave *The Jewess* unfinished?" Was it because, as she suggests, he could not resolve in himself the conflict he hoped to portray in Boris? The slim hope remains that a completed variation of the manuscript may yet be found. *The Jewess* has never been published in Russia, and it is not difficult to see why. In a nation where anti-Semitism and the assimilation of minorities are sensitive issues, this tale is bound to cause embarrassment. Babel's name may have been rehabilitated, but some of his work remains incorrigible.

All Brains, Little Heart

H. G. WELLS: HIS TURBULENT LIFE AND TIMES by Loyal Dickson. 330 pages. Atheneum. \$10.

It is hard to remember H. G. Wells except as a caricature. He looms as a kind of cartoon figurehead on the prow of the 20th century—plump and cheerful, goggle-eyed with confidence, breast- ing a sea labeled Progress.

Alas, the marvels of science so relished by Wells have produced far less than Utopia. Lovat Dickson, formerly an editor and director of Macmillan and Co., Wells' London publisher, cannot quite forgive the man who blithely sold the masses on the future. But he makes clear that Wells was the first guinea pig of his own salesmanship, and that with his extraordinary capacity for hope went an extraordinary capacity for disenchantment. Inside the complacent optimist, a desperate pessimist was signaling wildly to get out.

Up and Out. Wells did not begin at all ebulliently. He was, in Dickson's words, "a rather sickly young man from the lower class," the son of a housemaid and a failed shopkeeper. After failing himself as a draper's assistant, Wells won a scholarship to the Normal School of Science in South Kensington, where Thomas Huxley was teaching biology at the time. It was Huxley who first excited Wells' interest in science. But young Wells' omnivorous curiosity—always subject to other intellectual temptations—was diverted into Fabian socialism, literature and debating. Putting more and more time into self-education, he muffled his degree examinations. As a schoolmaster exiled to the borders of Wales, he was stomped in the back while refereeing a football match and almost died of a ruptured kidney.

At 21, Wells suddenly stopped playing the loser: "I have been dying long enough. I mean to live." With these words—and one of the most facile pens in the history of English literature—he began the climb from congenital failure, up and out of "generations of dark, deprived life."

It was less a climb than a rocket launching. In quick order *The Time Machine*, *The War of the Worlds* and other futuristic fantasies made Wells the English Jules Verne. He stirred the minds of his generation to science, the new possibility in their lives, and the paying public rewarded him with possibilities in his own life. Both prophet and audience shared a kind of mutual fulfillment—in Wells' phrase, "possessing joys not promised them at birth."

Passionate Urge. Wells, in one of his favorite words, had the "woosh" of a man who judges everything to be within his grasp. When his first wife proved a sexual disappointment, he took a second. When the second wife proved a superb hostess-manager—but another sexual disappointment—he kept her and took mistresses, including the novelist Rebecca West, who in 1914, when she

was 22 and he was 48, presented him with a son.

Wells' energies were legendary. When he decided that people (including himself) did not know enough about history, he produced the three-quarter-million-word *Outline of History* in a year. Between the time he turned 60 and his death at 79, he wrote 39 books.

Wells had flair—an irresistible sweep and bounce. He was a missionary who liked to begin and end sentences with "... if the Race is to be saved." He had, as Dickson points out, "the passionate urge to simplify, to convert." Only one thing was lacking: he didn't care much for people. His vision of the future always reduced itself to an elite world with H. G. Wells in charge.

Preliminary Splutter. His best novels—*Kipps*, *Tono-Bungay*, *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*—have their share of below-stairs social comedy and wistful aspirations. But as an artist as well as a prophet, Dickson judges Wells "all brains and very little heart." In *Boon*, his wicked attack on Henry James, he may have been assaulting in James what was missing in himself: infinite care and moral responsibility.

What finally redeems Wells for the contemporary reader is the shadow of doubt beneath the bravado—the unspoken but ever-present question of young Wells, the born loser: "What if I'm wrong?" When he was only 25, Wells wrote: "Science is a match that man has just got alight . . . It is a curious sensation, now that the preliminary splutter is over and the flame burns up clear, to see his hands lit and just a glimpse of himself and the patch he stands on visible, and around him, in place of all that human comfort and beauty he had anticipated—darkness still." It is this Wells, awed, uncertain, a bit frightened, who is still a brother of today.



WELLS AS SEEN BY BEERBOOM:
"CONJURING UP THE DARLING FUTURE"





"Serving people and nations everywhere" starts with serving somebody somewhere.

To Han Chong Li, exporter in Taipei, ITT means worldwide telex and cablegram communications.

To Henry Taggart, commercial jet pilot, ITT means the computer-based air traffic control system at Arlanda Airport, Stockholm.

To Oscar Valdez, vacationing Mexican, ITT means sun-washed days and velvet nights at Sheraton's Royal Hawaiian Hotel, Honolulu.

To Graham Rohrer, Swiss advertising executive in London, ITT means Avis and a new Hillman Hunter.

To Grandfather Read, a former employee, ITT means carefree retirement years and a walk in the woods with his grandsons, Paul and Andrew.

Telecommunications and tree farms

Originally we operated telephone systems and manufactured telecommunications equipment almost entirely in Latin America and Europe. That's the origin of our name.

Today, we serve the needs of people in 126 countries with thousands of products and services. You know some of them well, like the Sheraton chain of hotels and motor inns, Avis, WonderBread, and Levitt homes. Some are better known in industrial circles, like Nesbitt, producer of heating and air-conditioning equipment for schools; Gilfillan, innovator in the design and production of advanced commercial and military radar systems; and Rayonier, tree farmer extraordinary and producer of cellulose.

Our continued growth

In a different way we serve our 185,000 stockholders throughout the world. Their investment helps make possible our sustained rate of growth. Last year our sales passed the \$4 billion mark and net income was up 17% to \$180 million. It was the ninth consecutive year that we were able to report new sales and earnings records.

Other people we serve are our employees, almost 300,000 of them worldwide. As a result of long-standing recruiting and training programs, the percentage of minority groups among our U.S. employees is significantly higher than the reported national minority employment rate.

Recently we were presented with a Citation for Significant Contributions to International Education by the Institute of International Education and the Reader's Digest Foundation. The citation was presented in recognition of our international educational training program—the largest of any U.S. company—which each year trains 200,000 people from sixty countries in some technical field.

In many countries, we serve people collectively—that is, as entire nations. We maintain the Hot Line between Washington and Moscow. We built NATO's vital ACE HIGH communications system, stretching from Norway to Turkey. We were the prime contractor for Mexico's nationwide microwave communications system, for both telephone and television. We are building a new satellite-communication earth terminal for Indonesia which will be that country's gateway to the world for commercial telephone, telegraph and television.

In fact, we serve the people of almost every country in which we operate with advanced telecommunications and electronic equipment and systems.

Better service for you

In all the fields we have entered, our resources and capabilities have resulted in increased competition. That means more efficient use of material and manpower. And better service for you as well as Messrs. Li, Taggart, Valdez, Rohrer, and Read—and people and nations everywhere.

International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Truce Is Beauty

"Sir, I would like to ask for your daughter's hand."
"Why not? You've already had the rest."

Hardly a promising start for a marriage—or a comedy. But French Director Claude Berri has a singular talent for reconciling opposites. His last film, *The Two of Us* (TIME, March 8, 1968), was built on the somehow delightful confrontation between an anti-Semitic old man and a Jewish nine-year-old. In *Marry Me, Marry Me*, Berri finds legitimate laughter in the plight

is beauty and end the war at a ritualistic nuptial feast.

Though he conceived, wrote, directed and stars in *Marry Me, Marry Me*, Berri knows better than to make his film a one-man show. The best performances, in fact, are given not by the youths but by their satiated elders who long ago seized life by the throat—only to find that they had killed it. The best of a talented troupe is Isabelle's much older sister, Marthe (Regine), a doughy redhead who believes that sex appeal, like flour, is measured by the pound. As Isabelle's hag-ridden father, Gregoire Aslan can convey more with a lowered eyelid than most men do with a shrug of their shoulders.

The trials of courtship have always been natural subjects for film makers. Berri watches them without mockery or disdain. The result is a rare observation of the pathos and humor engendered by the rites of man.

Rotten Tooth

There are two reasons to see *Stiletto*: Actors Joseph Wiseman and Patrick O'Neal. It is a roccoco and frequently incoherent gangster yarn extracted like a rotten tooth from an old Harold Robbins novel. *Stiletto* seems to have been written only to take a share of the profits made by such stylish thrillers as *Point Blank* and *Bullitt*. And it quickly becomes obvious that Director Bernard Kowalski (who also made *Krakatoa, East of Java*) is not up to that sort of competition. Judged on sheer acting talent, however, Wiseman and O'Neal are equal to almost anything.

Usually assigned to play custom-tailored Manhattan executives, O'Neal appears in *Stiletto* as an elegantly sadistic New York detective named Baker, who is obsessively dedicated to the proposition that Mafioso Emilio Matteo (Wiseman) must be destroyed. O'Neal turns treacherous and vicious with gusto. Wiseman, his eyes dead cold, his face frozen into a mask of menace, looks like a Kraft-Ebing case history.

Ever since his appearance as the hysterical junkie in *Delicious Story* (1951), Wiseman has portrayed a memorable gallery of characters: the reporter in *Viva Zapata*, the crazed Civil War veteran in *The Unforgiven*, the sardonic, long-suffering father in *Bye Bye Braverman* and *The Night They Raided Minsky's*. If he only made more movies, he might prove himself to be one of the best character actors around.

Sinking the Boat

By accident, a black adman (Arnold Johnson) becomes boss of a lily-white Madison Avenue agency. At his first executive meeting, he looks coldly around a conference table filled with apprehensive underlings. "I'm not gonna rock the boat," he promises. Then he proceeds to fire all the white men at the

table and replaces them with soul brothers. "Rockin' the boat is a drag," the bearded man yells. "I'm gonna sink it. From now on, this ad agency is gonna be called the Truth and Soul Agency. That's right—T.S.!"

The speech is a fairly good indication of the general level of wit to be found in *Putney Swope*, a frenzied, almost desperate comedy by a barely emerged underground film maker named Robert Downey. Downey—who bills himself in the credits as "a prince"—has got it into his royal head that what America really needs at this point in its history is another put-down of the advertising business. Accordingly, he has come up with the not totally unpromising notion of a group of black militants taking over an ad agency and bombarding the country with race propaganda concealed inside



BERRI & WIENER IN "MARRY ME"
A touch of Portnoy's complaint.

of a pregnant bride-to-be, her philandering fiancé, and parvenu in-laws who behave like outlaws.

Claude (Claude Berri) is the little Jewish boy of *The Two of Us* grown to physical if not emotional maturity. His inamorata Isabelle (Elisabeth Wiener) is with child, but Claude is no hit-and-run villain. Wistful, tentative, he may be unsure of the proper words to say, but he knows enough to do the right thing.

On his way to the altar Claude succumbs to a touch of Portnoy's complaint. He develops a ravenous appetite for his beautiful English teacher (Prudence Harrington) and abruptly decides that he has found true love. Barricades are formed by the relatives; insults and wounds are exchanged. But finally Claude and Isabelle discover that truce



JOHNSON (RIGHT) AS "PUTNEY SWOPE"
Title by default.

TV commercials. That seems to have been the idea, anyway, but only traces of it have survived Downey's scattershot direction. He spends most of his time on puerile parodies of TV commercials, like one with a comely adolescent hawking pimple solution by crooning "He gave me a soul kiss/Boy, it sure was grand/He gave me a **/Behind the hot dog stand." When he does occasionally manage to work out a good gag, it is all but smothered in unilevel, quadrilateral farce.

Satire is currently in such short supply that Downey has acquired a small but vocal following, who seem to regard him as a kind of cinematic Rabelais. The title is his strictly by default. In the kingdom of the blind, the one-eyed man is king. Or at least some kind of prince.

Imagine a steelmaker on the moon.



IMAGINE ARMCO

Critical parts of the propulsion and control systems that steered the LEM down to the moon's surface, then lifted it off and took it back to the command module, were made of special Armco Stainless Steels.

The honeycomb shell of the command module

itself was a strong, heat-resistant Armco Stainless Steel. The structural rings that took the brunt of the ocean landing were our steels, too. So were the vital hold-down bolts that kept Saturn 5 on its pad until take-off power was achieved.

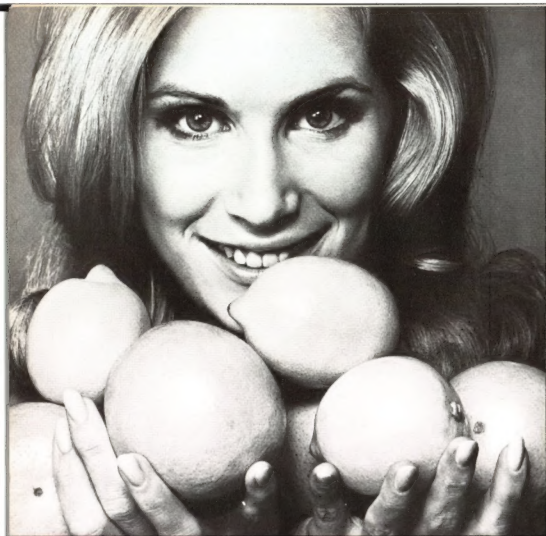
But application of these advanced materials is not limited to space. Boat builders are using them

for propeller shafting. Racing car builders find their combination of strength, light weight and corrosion resistance most attractive. You'll find them in the head of an electric razor and in complicated micro switch parts.

You might not expect to find a steelmaker on the moon or on the racing circuit. But Armco is involved in a lot of things you might not expect. That's what makes Armco different.

Armco Steel Corporation.
Middletown, Ohio 45042.





SEAGRAM DISTILLED COMPANY, N.Y.C. 90 PROOF. DISTILLED BY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

"My secret?

Be an absolute nut about starting a Collins right.
The fruit has to be fresh. And the gin has to be perfect."

Nut or not, it makes sense.

A Tom Collins is one of those drinks that can be enormously rewarding. But only if you put great care and great makings into it. It would be madness, for example, to even think of using anything but the driest, smoothest, most perfect gin there is.

Seagram's.

The perfect martini gin. Makes a perfect Collins, too.

